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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE passage of a week has only made it the more certain that the Treaty of Bucharest can bring no lasting peace to the Balkans. By compelling Bulgaria to disband her armies while the Turks strengthen their hold on Adrianople, the Allies dealt her the last treacherous blow. With characteristic bluntness, she makes no attempt to conceal her feelings. Her representatives at Bucharest insisted on deleting the phrase in the preamble which declared that the treaty established "harmony" and peace. King Ferdinand has issued an Order of the Day which denounces the conduct of the Allies in the most violent terms. "Betrayal," "felony," "spoliation" are some of the words which he uses. The claim to Monastir and the other lost districts is boldly reasserted. "Exhausted, but not conquered," it continues, "we had to furl our glorious standards until better days," and the soldiers are exhorted to prepare their children "to complete one day the glorious work which you have begun." There is no doubt that this proclamation aptly renders the mood of the Bulgarian people.

AN interchange of telegrams between King Carol and the Kaiser gave the first intimation that Germany will veto any attempt to revise the settlement imposed by Roumania. Dynastic sympathies are doubtless at work, for King Carol is a Hohenzollern, and so is the Queen of Greece. King Carol referred to the Kaiser's

co-operation in the settlement, and to his determination that it should be final. The German semi-official press has repeated this warning. An official French Note has spoken of it as definitive, in terms which implied that all the Powers shared the French point of view. Russia was at first determined to secure the transference of the port of Kavala from Greece to Bulgaria, but French opposition cooled her enthusiasm. France is clearly anxious to secure the friendship of Greece as a naval Power which may help to balance Italy. Austria, on the other hand, was more anxious to cut down Serbia's acquisitions, by restoring Istip and the surrounding districts to Bulgaria. A policy aimed at Serbia is not to Russian liking, and for this reason it is doubtful whether the two Powers which desire revision can agree to any common effort.

SIR EDWARD GREY's dignified but depressing survey of the position on Tuesday leaves no hope that the Concert will take collective action in any direction. He dwelt on the positive achievements of the Concert in creating an autonomous Albania, in settling the fate of the Aegean Isles, and in preserving peace among the Great Powers. In treating of the future of Thrace he did not minimise the fact that the Treaty of London was concluded under the auspices of the Powers. He addressed various arguments to Turkey. Strategically, she would be wiser not to keep Adrianople, and if she ignores our advice she may, "sooner or later," bring on herself "disastrous consequences." If, on the other hand, she accepts this advice she may count on our future goodwill. But Sir Edward Grey refused to employ "the language of threats," and he went out of his way to explain that if any action is ever taken it will be by some Power acting alone, and not even as the mandatory of the Concert. His reference to the Treaty of Bucharest was no less conservative. He did not dispute the right of any Power to propose modifications, but they should involve the minimum of interference. He would propose none himself, but would acquiesce in any decision that secured the assent of the Powers.

THE Ambassadors' Conference has now practically concluded the settlement of Albania. Two vital points of the southern frontier are fixed. It will include in Albania the town and district of Coritsa, a large, thriving, and purely Albanian town, which is essential to the prosperity of the new State. It meets the Italian naval case by assigning the coast down to Cape Stylos to Albania. A disputed zone remains inland, which an expert International Commission will partition after an inquiry on the spot, guiding itself by the principle of nationality. For the rest, an International Commission will assume control provisionally of the new State, which is at present in profound peace, and a Prince will be nominated after six months. The Aegean Isles will not be allowed to fall to a Great Power, and Sir Edward Grey has diplomatically put Italy on her honor to evacuate those which she holds when the Treaty of Lausanne is fulfilled. He did not, however, make it clear how far Turkish strategic interests will be allowed

to override the strong Greek claim, based on nationality, to all the isles without exception.

A MORE deplorable confession of the financial impotence of a Government was never made by any Chancellor of the Exchequer than that contained in Mr. Lloyd George's eloquent speech on Wednesday. "I must say I am genuinely alarmed about the expenditure on armaments. There is not the slightest prospect of any reduction; the prospect is all the other way." "I feel confident that if it goes on it will end in great disaster." And then he proceeded to expound the familiar doctrine of the inevitable, one nation spending more because another has done so, that nation again increasing its expenditure, and so on, until war or revolution ensues. It was no use remonstrating with the Government, for "it is not the Government that is doing it at all." It was the "mad humor" of the people. But has the Government done nothing to encourage this mad humor, and is it not their plain duty to correct it? And is the Government so impotent? Mr. George himself named the condition of escape, "international co-operation." Has the Government taken every step consistent with safety and honor to secure their co-operation? They know that the chief obstacle which blocks the way to the co-operation of Germany and other Powers is our refusal to accept the abolition of the capture of private vessels at sea. Why do they not remove this obstacle to Germany's acceptance of our good intentions?

THE Revenue Bill, introduced at the tail-end of an arduous session to redress certain admitted grievances in the working of the land valuation claims of the 1910 Finance Act, was wrecked in Committee last Monday by the refusal of the land-tax group to sanction the dropping of Clause 11, which provided that in the valuation of agricultural land no deduction should be allowed in respect of improvements made more than thirty years before 1909. Apparently, Mr. Lloyd George had supposed that the Opposition were prepared to accept this clause, though with reluctance, in consideration of the benefits contained in other clauses. Mr. Pretyman and Mr. Chamberlain, however, made it clear that if any such assent had tentatively been given, it was now withdrawn. The land-tax group, who had on their part been prepared to assent to the other clauses on condition that Clause 11 became law, now proved refractory. Although Clause 11, according to Mr. George, met with approval in no other quarter of the House, in view of the impossibility of finding time for adequate discussion, the Bill was withdrawn in order to be brought up again early next session.

THE Medical Congress has been a great event, made notable by the presence and the speeches of almost all the most famous doctors of the world. On Tuesday Mr. Burns addressed the closing meeting in a happy speech, dwelling on the great advance made by medicine and the growing appreciation of the relation of social reform to public health. But, perhaps, the most impressive event was the little farewell speech of Sir Thomas Barlow, who made an earnest appeal to the profession that devotes itself to the saving of life to use its influence for the prevention of the most wanton of all forms of death. "They assembled in Congress to discuss, without regard to race or country, the problem of medicine in its scientific application to the relief of the sickness and sufferings of humanity; surely it was inconceivable that they should go back to their different countries and make no effort to prevent the

nations to which they belonged from indulging in bloody strife."

ON Monday Sir John Collie read an important paper to the Congress on the subject of Malingering. He said a great many people had rushed to precipitate conclusions on very insufficient data. There was no ground for panic, seeing that the experience of the working of the Insurance Act was so short. But as nearly half of the persons brought under the Act had never been insured, it might be found necessary to take special precautions for preventing malingering. The great majority of persons who gave the impression of malingering were persons of poor physique, with a general standard of health below the normal. This was especially true of women. There were thousands of underpaid and grossly overworked women who would ultimately have to draw permanently on the sick funds. The opportunity for saving the State from fraud would arise in the cases of introspective persons, who, from cowardice or pessimism, remained on the sick list much longer than was necessary. In dealing with these persons, a resolute stand by the doctors would be needed.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE was the guest of the Nottinghamshire miners at their annual demonstration last Saturday at Sutton-in-Ashfield. He had an enthusiastic reception, and he spoke on the Insurance Act with great humor and eloquence. He rallied the Opposition with much effect on their various moods towards the Act. They began by saying the Insurance Act did too little for the workman, and now seemed to think it did too much. "If you listen to them, you might imagine that half the working classes of this country had retired on sick pay. I wonder who is carrying on these great industries in the meantime. Have you met any dukes with pick in hand at the face?" His speech was mainly a defence of the Insurance Act and an account of its working; but he concluded with a reference to his land campaign as the necessary complement to the Government's social reform. The same day Mr. Runciman spoke at Dewsbury, and described the Liberal policy as aiming at giving the laborer the chance to branch out from the cottage to the garden, from the garden to the allotment, from the allotment to the small holding, and from the small holding to the larger farm.

WE have a good deal of sympathy with the complaints of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Selborne about the circumstances under which the House of Lords had to discuss the Mental Deficiency Bill. The Lord Chancellor, as the Primate pointed out, had put down some ninety amendments, and for the House of Lords to attempt to debate the Bill in Committee in a single afternoon was a farce. One useful amendment found its way into the Bill. Lord Salisbury proposed that the report of a doctor chosen by the patient or his guardians should be considered when a defective's case comes up for revision. Lord Haldane resisted the amendment on the ground that the independent doctor "might approach the matter in a very unsuitable mood"; but later he withdrew his opposition in response to appeals from Lord Lansdowne and the Bishop of Oxford.

A VERY elaborate statistical Report upon the Cost of Living is this week issued by the Board of Trade. Separate estimates are made for price-changes in rent, food, fuel, and clothing during recent years in different parts of Great Britain, wholesale and retail prices being separately given, and tables showing price-changes in foreign countries are appended for purposes of com-

parison. The leading fact brought out is that since 1905 there has taken place a rise in the average cost of living among the working classes of about 10 per cent., not compensated to any appreciable degree by a rise of money-wages. To some extent no doubt the fulness of employment during the last two years has concealed the real situation, which will become more apparent when a trade depression shows itself. On the whole, it is the industrial centres of the Midlands and the North-east, with South Wales, that have suffered most, the slight fall of rent in London helping the situation for metropolitan workers, while food-prices throughout the South have not risen so much as in the North.

* * *

By a majority of 72 votes the motion approving of the Marconi contract in its revised form was carried in the House of Commons on Friday week. It was criticised from the Liberal side by Sir Henry Norman and Sir George Croydon Marks, the former denying the plea of urgency, and arguing with much force that the erection and working of the stations should be undertaken by the Government. Mr. Asquith admitted his own preference for this course, but declared it to be impracticable on the double ground of the delay it would cause and the enormous expenditure it would involve. Mr. Samuel defended the contract in detail, urging that he had succeeded in securing State ownership of the stations, and complete liberty on the part of the Government. On Thursday, the Marconi Company issued its annual report showing that the net profits for the past year had risen from £141,717 to £413,294. The report states that "the directors do not believe that the altered conditions (in the Government contract) will prove of any disadvantage to the Company."

* * *

On Thursday, a lengthy report was issued by the Select Committee on Motor Traffic, appointed "to inquire into the circumstances which have led to the large and increasing number of fatal accidents in the Metropolis." The Committee found it impossible to consider the question of safety separately from the general problem, and their principal recommendation is that a new Traffic Department of the Board of Trade should be set up to act as a controlling authority in all matters relating to London traffic. Subject to an appeal to this Department, the licensing of vehicles would be transferred to the County and Borough Councils, while it is recommended that the widest possible powers be given to these latter bodies to make by-laws for their own areas. Other recommendations are special speed limits for motor-omnibuses and heavy vehicles where the conditions are dangerous, increases in the number of refuges and traffic points, closer control of traffic by the police, and the abolition of the power of Borough Councils to veto County Council tramway schemes.

* * *

A reverse has occurred to a native force under British leadership in Somaliland, which seems to be due to some unauthorised neglect of the policy adopted in 1910. It was then decided to confine operations to the immediate coast-line, and to leave the Mullah unmolested in the arid interior. Last week, however, a camel corps advanced some thirty miles inland from Burao, which itself is 140 miles from the coast. It was overwhelmed and lost some fifty of its 150 men, including its commander, Mr. Corfield. The Commissioner, Mr. Archer, went out promptly from Burao with only twenty men to help the survivors, whom he now reports as in safety, and a reinforcement of Indian troops has reached Berbera. The most serious aspect of the incident is that

the friendly tribes have had all their cattle raided. Mr. Harcourt was evidently unaware that anything had been done locally to modify the policy of withdrawal to the coast, and clearly this incident, so far from being an argument for greater activity, is a warning that stricter discipline should be enforced.

* * *

THE Foreign Office is being sharply criticised for its refusal to participate officially in the Exhibition which will be held in 1915 at San Francisco to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. It is certainly no ordinary occasion, and if the Canal brings the expected stimulus to the trade of the Pacific Coast of South America, there would seem to be a strong case for advertising British manufactures in every possible way. Canada and the Australian Colonies have decided to take a large share in the festival. Mr. W. Redmond suggested in Tuesday's debate that the decision of the Foreign Office reflected its displeasure at the American attitude over the diplomatic questions connected with the Canal. Mr. Acland was able to make an effective reply. The only reason for refusal was, he said, that the opportunity would not justify the great expenditure demanded. The British Government was asked to spend £250,000, while Congress itself had only voted £100,000. Clearly, the States have no reason to take umbrage; but it is not quite so clear that our business interests are served by non-participation.

* * *

THE perennial Mexican question has been raised this week in a rather acute form by the amazingly reckless language of the Mexican Government in regard to Mr. Lyne. Mr. Lyne has gone to Mexico City as the special representative of President Wilson to report on the condition of the country. That is a natural step to take in view of General Huerta's demand for his official recognition. A President who climbed to power by a bloody civil war, complicated by a series of peculiarly brutal murders, may dislike investigation, but can hardly claim to stand above it. The better American opinion clearly feels the utmost repugnance at the idea of officially grasping a murderer's hand. The test question will probably be whether General Huerta's Government is so far regular that it can face an election. At present the country is too disturbed for that, and, not unreasonably, American Democrats argue that in that case it is too disturbed for recognition.

* * *

THE greatest figure in German politics since Bismarck died passed away on Wednesday in the person of August Bebel. He was born in 1840, the son of a Prussian non-commissioned officer, and grew up, orphaned at an early age, in dire poverty. His political life began at Leipsig in the 'sixties with a phase of Liberalism during which he fought Lassalle, and worked at schemes of co-operation, thrift, and "self-help." Liebknecht made him a Socialist, and the two friends founded a Labor Party in Saxony which secured his return as its only member to the Diet of the North German Federation. They stood alone in opposing the Franco-German war-loans and the annexation of Alsace, an act of daring which brought to Bebel his first imprisonment on a charge of high treason. He came out of prison a popular hero, and in 1875 founded modern German Social Democracy. His party grew by a sort of geometrical progression, and by 1890 had so far rendered repression ludicrous, that the Anti-Socialist Law was allowed to lapse. There followed internal conflicts with the anarchists and the revisionists, but Bebel triumphantly defended his central doctrine, and with consummate leadership kept his great and ever-growing party together.

Politics and Affairs.

THE WORK OF THE CONCERT.

THERE comes to men engaged in any form of public work which is imposed on them by something less than an absolute necessity, a period of lassitude and boredom in which they are tempted to say, whatever the results, "We have done enough: something, at any rate, has been accomplished; the rest of our task was too large, too difficult, and too risky; we must leave events to fate." It is not a very noble state of mind, but where the interests at stake are secondary and subordinate, a man who has what Sir Edward Grey calls "the serious mind" may justify it to himself. No one who reads his dignified and fair-minded speech of last Tuesday on the work of the Concert in the Near East can doubt that this is the mood of those who direct the policy of the great Powers and of himself in particular. They have passed through a long and strenuous crisis, undoubtedly they have accomplished something, and, partly because they have some grounds for self-congratulation, partly because the last effort demanded of them is peculiarly difficult, partly because they are out of sympathy with the Balkan peoples, and above all because they are tired, they have virtually agreed in a common gesture of weariness to abandon their task. Sir Edward Grey made it as clear as anything short of a categorical statement could make it, that there is no hope of a revision of the Treaty of Bucharest. We wish we could deduce from his words that there is any appreciable chance that the Treaty of London will be enforced. His whole speech was valedictory, a summing-up of a chapter which he feels to be closed. There will come a time, some few years hence, when he and all of us will wish that this fatigue which has closed an unfinished task had been less imperious and less general. Men will say openly then what they know in their hearts to-day—that one effort more, one last concentration of the will, a little more courage, a little more service to duty, would have averted "inevitable wars," and saved a miserable corner of the earth from the renewal of all the horrors of this summer.

But let us deal justly even with the Concert. It has done good work. We can look on the creation of Albania with unreserved satisfaction. There at least a promising race has been saved from alien rule, and it will owe to the Concert the opportunity of making or marring its own destinies. The other count in its favor is one which we feel less able to estimate. It has "localised" the struggle, and prevented war among its own members. To judge that achievement we must know how grave was the risk of war. Here we can only guess at intentions, and Sir Edward Grey himself can do no more. There was angry talk; there were even menacing mobilisations; but we think it conceivable that Austria and Russia fumed and fretted and armed, with a great show of wrath, rather in order to play on the nerves of Europe than because they really meant war. They reckoned on Sir Edward Grey and their allies to prevent war, and

war was duly prevented. It is not proved, and cannot in the nature of the case be proved, that they would have been more reckless if no Concert had existed.

To our thinking, a journal which begins to talk about inevitable wars when a peace, however unjust, has been signed, commits one of the gravest offences which can be perpetrated with the pen. We prefer rather to dwell on the conditions—not, to our thinking, impossible conditions—by which future wars may be averted. Let us attempt in a few sentences to realise what the feelings of the Bulgarians will be, as they gradually recover their energies and face the future. They had a larger population to liberate than any of their allies; they fought harder against the Turks; incurred graver losses, and won more striking victories. As the result of the settlement they seem irrevocably to have lost all but a poor fragment of Macedonia, and there is at the moment no means in sight by which they can recover Thrace. The poor and mountainous bit of Macedonia which they have secured will only just balance in wealth and population the rich district which they have had to cede to Roumania. They are, in short, for all their victories and sacrifices, no better off than when they went to war. If they are to be reconciled to their fate, the first question turns on the future of the abandoned Bulgarian populations within Greek and Servian territory, and mainly on that of the very resolute and energetic villagers who people the province of Monastir and the annexed districts round Veles and Istip.

We know nothing as yet of Servian intentions. The little landlocked kingdom has doubled its area. It cannot in the long run govern by sheer force a population nearly as numerous as its own, and naturally by no means inferior in ability or character. The attachment of this Bulgarian population to Bulgaria is real and deep, for it has been consecrated by a generation of persecution. There will be linguistic difficulties and ecclesiastical difficulties. Every village has its priest, its teacher, and its headmen, whose sympathies, language, and training are Bulgarian and not Servian. Every village, too, has its spirited young men who are proud to have worn the Bulgarian insurgent uniform. They wore it against the Turks, and many of them wore it as volunteers on the Bulgarian side even in this second war. Let us admit that the mass of the peasantry, if they are well treated and lightly taxed, if they see roads built and rivers bridged, and trade thriving, will acquiesce in the rule of a State which is, after all, Orthodox and Slav. But what is to become of the more or less educated men who have a political past? If the Serbs cold-shoulder or dismiss or persecute these teachers, doctors, and priests who were the Bulgarian leaders, if they treat all the spirited young fighting men as suspects and potential rebels, then we doubt if the country will ever have peace. Tales of oppression will daily fill the Bulgarian papers, and embittered refugees will crowd the streets of Sofia exactly as they did under the Turks. In some way, whether by Home Rule, or by local self-government, the Servians must conciliate their new subjects, and endeavor to remove from their memory the knowledge that their rule began in conquest. It will not be an easy task, and

we doubt if the Servians have the maturity, the "serious mind," to face it and pursue it. But they have their chance. They can, if they please, while Bulgaria is powerless, make a *fait accompli*, based not on arms but on consent, which no military ambition could overthrow. We doubt if the Powers could do much to secure this consummation, but public opinion can do something to facilitate it.

The Servians can, if they choose, remove the risk of one inevitable war. There remain two more. The Bulgarians are a realistic race. We can conceive their acquiescing eventually in the loss of Monastir, provided they are not provoked by the spectacle of the oppression of their kinsmen. It is even conceivable that they might seek or accept some closer union with Serbia and pursue with her a common South-Slav policy. But if they are to be reconciled to the loss of Macedonia, and to turn their thoughts away from military adventure, it is manifest that the territory which remains to them must be capable of development. If they are not to seek a future beyond their frontiers, they must be assured of peace and prosperity within them. That means in the concrete two things—the possession of Thrace, and a satisfactory trading outlet on the *Ægean*. We are well aware that neither Adrianople nor Kavala belong of right to Bulgaria by the principle of nationality. But when that principle has been violently overthrown in the partition of Macedonia, where it would have favored Bulgaria, it cannot be pedantically invoked when it happens to tell against her. Greece has included a large Bulgar population within her own frontiers, from the villages round Castoria in the West to the villages round Seres in the East. By the surrender of Kavala, she would make a by no means excessive compensation. The question as we see it, apart from all considerations of equity, is simply that a virile, energetic race must be provided with some ambition. If we do not wish it to arm and watch and intrigue and drill for future conquests, we must see that it has the prospect of success in its peaceful activities. With a railway from Sofia down the Struma valley to Kavala, Bulgarian trade would, for the first time, have a chance. Without that railway, its economic future must remain arrested. With the railway, the mercantile element would become a peace party; without it, its interest is in war.

We need hardly argue the case about Thrace. Dominating the only southward railway from their forts at Adrianople, the Turks are a constant menace to Bulgaria. Nor is the argument from nationality so strong as many suppose. The northern third of Thrace, and in particular Kirk-Kilissé, is unquestionably a Bulgarian area. The central downs are so thinly peopled and so little cultivated that it is doubtful if they belong to any race at all. The Turks make no adequate use of them, and the Greeks are rarely cultivators. This vacant territory seems destined to receive Bulgaria's derelict army of refugees. To sum up, the chance of peace depends on our thinking (1) on the adoption by Serbia of a policy of conciliation in her conquests, and (2) on the annexation to Bulgaria of

Kavala and Thrace. It is this latter duty which falls to the Concert. Austria and Russia favor it. France and Germany are opposed. Britain, it seems to us, holds the balance. A good work is being spoiled by a moment of fatigue, and fatigue in view of the horrors and sufferings which must follow this neglect is an irresponsible levity. The Concert does not show that "serious mind" which Sir Edward Grey admires. We appeal to him to think out the problem once more before he allows his work to end unfinished, leaving to the future a legacy of hatred and injustice which will ruin the Balkans in body and mind.

PRICES AND WAGES.

THOUGH comparatively few are qualified by temper and training to read, learn, and inwardly digest the four hundred pages of the Board of Trade Report upon the Cost of Living, just issued, it may be expected indirectly to produce a profound impression on the public mind. For though some of the chief results were previously suspected or known, we have here a full and authoritative statement of certain plain facts which go further to explain the prevalent industrial unrest than any others that can be adduced. During the two generations preceding 1896, the real wages of labor, the effective purchasing power of the workers, had been advancing considerably and fairly continuously. From 1872 onwards, for a whole generation, this gain had been mainly achieved by the constant fall of prices. Since 1895, prices here and elsewhere have been rising, sharply towards 1900, slowly and slightly between 1900 and 1906, with great rapidity since 1906. Sir H. Llewellyn Smith computes the average increase in workmen's rent, food, fuel, and clothes prices to amount during the period 1905-1912 to about 10 per cent. Such estimates of average wages as are available indicate that no increase of more than about half that amount has taken place, and that wages in general either have not risen at all, or not more than 2 or 3 per cent. Though considerable local differences are found, Lancashire and Cheshire, Wales, and Ireland suffering from the greatest rise of prices, while London and the Southern Counties come off easiest, nowhere has a rise of money-wages nearly kept pace with the rise of prices. That rise is composed of fairly equal increases of the price of food, fuel, and clothing. To many readers one of the surprises of the Report will be the smallness of the increase, in many instances a positive decrease, of house rent. In each zone of the Metropolis rents have fallen to an extent which has kept down the rise in general cost of living to a considerably lower figure than in the North and Midlands. The growing cost of food has naturally attracted most attention, reacting most injuriously upon the standard of living of our workers. The only article which has made an appreciable fall in price is tea, the least valuable of foods, while the articles which show by far the greatest rise are potatoes and bacon, two of the most important constituents of working-class diet.

Some surprise will be felt at the marked con-

trasts which different cities present. It is not easy to understand why Blackburn and Bolton should head the list with a rise in the total cost of living amounting to 17 per cent. since 1906, while Nottingham and Reading, both themselves industrial centres, should get off with 7 per cent. However, the differences of rent are no doubt easily intelligible to those who are familiar with the recent local history of the trade and the transport facilities in the several cases. But the figures of the following table remain very interesting as illustrating the ups and downs in the value of house rent in the principal towns. Between 1905 and 1912, the following changes in rent levels took place in eighty-eight towns.

In	2 towns	an increase over 10 per cent.
"	20 "	" " 5 to 10 per cent.
"	23 "	" " 1 to 4 per cent.
"	17 "	remained stationary.
"	20 "	a decrease of 1 to 4 per cent.
"	5 "	" of 5 to 10 per cent.

Though there has been a halt during the first six months of the present year, there is no reason to suppose that the wide-world causes of the rise of prices have exhausted their strength. On the contrary, most statistical authorities agree that for some time to come the upward tendency will be maintained, though minor variations in the general movement may help to conceal its continuity. If so, the gravity of the situation for our workers can hardly be exaggerated. They appear quite unable to recoup themselves for higher prices by higher wages. For though it is well known that wages "lag" behind prices in their movements up and down, seven years is too long a period for this lag. It seems evident that from economic or other reasons the workers are losing ground. While the aggregate of wealth is admittedly upon the increase, as attested by all figures of trade, output, transport, income, and property, the workers are unable to get their share of this increase. It makes it none the better, rather the worse, that the workers of many other lands are in a similar plight. Indeed, the rise of food prices in every other country of which we have a record, with a single exception, has been greater than ours, in some instances—for example, Canada, the United States, Austria, and Germany—far greater. France alone, with her rich natural resources, her relatively large rural population, and her stationary total population, has kept her rise of prices down to our level. Protectionists can extract no fuel for their furnace from such statistics, for it is the high protection countries that have suffered most.

This Report, confining itself severely to the discovery and statement of the measurable facts comprised in the rise of prices, ought to do something to impress upon our Government the urgent need of a comprehensive inquiry into causes and effects. Since we are confronted with forces and facts which are quite evidently of world-wide distribution, it is a case for organised co-operation between the different civilised nations. If Governments themselves are not prepared to co-operate directly, they ought at least to give favor and facilities to such a private International Commission as has already obtained the support of a large body of

statisticians, economists, and statesmen in Europe and America. It cannot, of course, be expected, nor is it desirable, that Trade Unions and other workmen's organisations in this country and abroad should patiently await the Report of a Commission before attempting remedies upon their own account for a malady of so much virulence. We must, therefore, look forward to a periodical recurrence of strikes and other labor disturbances so long as the movements of prices disclosed by this Report continue. For it is the urgent duty of every working-class to fight by every means within their power against forces which sap their standard of comfort and their efficiency. There can be no industrial peace so long as prices are rising faster than wages. But seeing that no real body of agreement exists among thoughtful people as to the causes and the feasible remedies of this evil predicament, it is surely well that as much intelligence and care should be devoted to this more important subject as to the less important though highly necessary duty of discovering and tabulating the crude facts.

MR. ASQUITH AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THERE is a ray of light and, we think, of encouragement in the conversation that passed last week between the Prime Minister and the deputation from the National Union of Woman Suffrage Societies. Mrs. Fawcett and her friends had just concluded a very important demonstration, important not only as a demonstration of feeling and devotion on the part of the women marchers, but important also as a revelation of the interest and sympathy with which the claims of women for enfranchisement are regarded in the country. It is clear, we think, from the temper of his remarks that the Prime Minister was himself considerably impressed by the force of that exhibition. That in itself would, of course, be an advantage, but the really important feature of the interview is that the Prime Minister seems to recognise that his Government has still a promise to discharge.

In some quarters language has been used which has given the impression that the Government, although it had not been able to give effect to its undertaking, now five years old, was absolved from further responsibility by the circumstances under which that undertaking broke down. That has always seemed to us a dishonorable interpretation of the facts, and though Mr. Asquith did not give a direct answer to Mrs. Swanwick on this question, it may, we think, be inferred from the tone of his remarks that he realises that something more is demanded of him before he is quit of obligation. That that obligation still remains is surely very clear. The view that it is cancelled rests on the fact that the Speaker upset the plans of the Government. But it is absurd to treat the act of the Speaker as an act of God, an unforeseen calamity, against which provision cannot be made, destroying all antecedent claims and expectations. The Speaker is the servant of the House of Commons, and his rulings are designed for the due performance of the duties of the House of Commons. If one plan for redeeming the Government's pledge is

broken down because the Speaker disallows it, another plan must be produced or the procedure of the House of Commons must be altered. Let us suppose that this *contretemps* had occurred not on a Franchise Bill but on the Home Rule Bill. If the Speaker had given a ruling that made it impossible to proceed with the Home Rule Bill, would Mr Asquith have said to the Irish Party: "I am very sorry; I said I would introduce a Home Rule Bill, and I have done so. Unfortunately, the Speaker has made it impossible for us to proceed, by a ruling that none of us ever anticipated. It is unfortunate; a blow to your hopes, but also a blow to our pride. There it is, and we must accept it"? Nobody imagines that this would have happened, and that the pledge given before the General Election could have been regarded as redeemed by this misadventure. Nobody, on the other hand, will readily believe that a pledge made to a party that can evict the Government is treated more solemnly than a pledge given to women who have no votes.

It is universally admitted that the party system creates a situation in which it is very difficult to do justice to a cause like that of Women's Enfranchisement. Nobody admits this more emphatically than the Prime Minister. But this admission involves an obligation to consider how a question that does not adapt itself easily to our institutions is to be discussed and settled. Those who merely shrug their shoulders and say that it is very unfortunate for woman suffrage, would make the party system into the end rather than a means of government. Those, again, who say that the situation will be solved so soon as the unenfranchised can create such an overwhelming and angry body of opinion as to compel Members of Parliament, in whose election they play no part, to insist upon this reform at the sacrifice of all considerations of party convenience, and in spite of all the pressure of tacticians, are stating that nothing short of a revolution can attain this reform. The Prime Minister last week dropped once or twice into language that almost amounted to this. But to the majority of Liberals such an attitude would seem to be an abnegation of statesmanship, and from other remarks of Mr. Asquith's, it is clear, we think, that he appreciates the consequences to the credit of Parliament, a subject on which he feels deeply, of the breakdown of its machinery on a question of indisputable importance. He invited suggestions, and promised them careful and sympathetic consideration. And it is evident that, as a man of honor, it is of capital importance that he should find an alternative plan for carrying out a promise and doing justice to his own reputation. Mr. Asquith, having hit on one scheme whereby the House of Commons could declare its sincere opinion, in spite of the party system, is clearly bound to find a substitute for the scheme that has failed.

Two such schemes were put before him last week. One was based on the precedent of Peel; the other was the proposal to put woman suffrage into a Franchise Bill as an italicised clause, allowing the House of Commons to adopt it or not as it chose. The first case is not exactly a precedent, because Peel adopted a policy that was the policy of the Opposition, a course that did greater violence to his self-respect than any course proposed to Mr.

Asquith. Mr. Asquith's views on woman suffrage have nothing to do with his political career or his political warfare. He is not Prime Minister because he is opposed to woman suffrage. His predecessor was a strong supporter; so are each of the two men whose names have ever been mentioned for the succession. His opposition to woman suffrage is, so far as the party is concerned, an accident. He has drawn no Liberal support from it in the past, and his case is therefore unlike Peel's, for Peel was identified with the resistance to the Catholic claims in the public mind in a sense in which Mr. Asquith would be identified with the Parliament Act or other great Liberal measures. The other course offers certain advantages, and the only criticism Mr. Asquith offered was that the precise method had only been employed hitherto in Government Bills. That is not an objection that will carry much weight unless we are going to let our precedents smother us. No confession could be more inglorious for Parliament than the confession that its forms cannot be adapted to such a difficulty as this. We hope that Liberals will make up their minds that a solution has to be found, that in a novel situation novel remedies must not be allowed to terrify our minds, and that it would be treating the Prime Minister dishonorably for any Liberals to put any personal considerations in this matter above their clear duty as democratic politicians. Mr. Asquith's speech last week lends strong support to each of these three contentions, and the strongest of all to the last.

THE CREATOR OF GERMAN SOCIALISM.

It is no exaggeration to say that with August Bebel there has gone from European politics their strongest personality and their most powerful will. Few statesmen wield to-day an appreciable influence outside their own country. Of politicians whose thoughts and words had wings to carry them beyond their own frontier, we can name only two. One is Jaurès, and the other was Bebel. If Jaurès is the more sympathetic figure, the greater thinker, and the more eloquent voice, there is nothing in his record which stirs the veneration that Bebel inspired. His leadership was creative. Every other leader in modern Europe inherited his party. There was not a man among them who did not receive his mantle from some older prophet, and assume the control of an organisation which generations of predecessors built up. Bebel made his party, and made it virtually out of nothing. He had to create, not merely its machine, but its habit of thought, and to create it in the face of repression and persecution. The fruit of his work is a party, the most disciplined, the most self-reliant, the most potent for education as well as for combat, of any in modern Europe. Our British parties, with the wealth of our middle-class behind them, their great newspapers, and their enormous power of social pressure are formidable engines of public opinion. But they are not, in the same sense as German Socialism, an intellectual force which acts upon millions of working-

men with the combined power of a university, a church, and a trade union. Allow what one will to the speculative genius of Karl Marx, to the imaginative impulse of Lassalle, to the ardent idealism of Liebknecht, this formidable regimented phalanx is Bebel's creation and his monument. The man who achieved this feat in a country which values above all else the trained intelligence and the academic mind, was a self-educated artisan.

It is a common criticism on German Socialism to say that it has been barren of positive political results. To have supplied the working classes with an elaborate education in a country where they were, as they were not in Britain and France, politically non-existent and unconscious, is itself a sufficiently large achievement. But the criticism ignores the indirect effects of German Socialism. No one who knows the facts would deny that the impulse behind the whole series of German Social Reforms has been the necessity of combating Bebel's party. Bismarck derived from Lassalle his first notions of social amelioration, and admitted the debt frankly. The pressure that carried him and his successors into their schemes of insurance was without a doubt the sheer necessity of proving that the plight of the working classes could be rendered tolerable more simply and smoothly than by the triumph of Social Democracy.

But the real peculiarity of Bebel's policy and career was rather that instead of furnishing Liberalism with ideas, as Socialism has done in our own country, it seemed to sap its virtue and to place it on the defensive as a narrowly middle-class party. It is a nice question how far the aggressiveness and deliberate isolation of social democracy is to blame for this result. The fact is, we suspect, that under German conditions there is no natural place for a constructive Liberalism. It is debarred from office and power; it cannot put in practice a policy of evolutionary adjustment; nor is it fitted to extort reforms by mass agitation. Bebel's policy of no compromise would be sterile in this country, and the influence of its example has probably been mischievous in France. But a powerful argument could be piled up to prove that it was in the main, and until recent years, the only policy which a working-class party could hopefully adopt against a bureaucratic Government in a State dominated by its army, over-governed by its police, and controlled by the most retrograde and the most formidable Conservative class that exists in any European country save Russia. Against this tremendous reactionary force Bebel fought a continual battle, which was always for the enemy a rear-guard action. He won liberty of meeting and association, and nothing is now wanted but the reform of the Prussian franchise to sap the whole structure at its foundations. The day has not come as yet to estimate his work by results. But this at least is certain. The lonely pioneer who went to prison for his protest against the annexation of Alsace, will take his place in history with Bright and Cobden and Jaurès as the man whose life-work contributed the most to build across guarded frontiers and conscript barrack-rooms the hope of international brotherhood and enduring peace.

Life and Letters.

ON GOOD AND EVIL.

A CHIEF business of the jester was to provoke thought in times when people were not given to habits of thinking. Dulness set in when wisdom became divorced from wit and set up a heavy life of its own under the style of learning, science, or philosophy. Belles lettres have striven, at times successfully, to restore the union; but the lighter use of jesting, for idle mirth, has won the day, so that, even when a comic story contains a point of wisdom, it is generally missed. How many readers, for example, saw anything more than a smart formal repartee in the following story in a recent "Punch"? "Old Lady (offering policeman a tract): 'I often think you poor policemen run such a risk of becoming bad, being so constantly mixed up with crime.'" "Policeman: 'You needn't fear, Ma'am. It's the criminals wot run the risk of becoming saints, being mixed up with us.'" The whole point of the story, considered as a jest, consists, of course, in the assumed absurdity of supposing that policemen could be capable of exercising a good influence upon the bad characters with whom they are brought into contact. But why should it be supposed to be no part of the duties of the guardians of the public peace to do this very thing? Would it be impossible to appoint policemen with some clear regard to positive as well as negative "character"? No doubt kindly and well-disposed policemen often do a good deal to keep a neighborhood quiet and respectable by putting in a timely word of warning and advice, and by playing the part of official peacemaker. But surely a great deal more could be effected, if, in addition to physical health and strength, honesty and intelligence, the express desire and capacity to exert a good influence were taken as a chief qualification for appointments in the force. Saints, especially official saints, of course, are difficult to procure, but the slums of Notting Dale or Hoxton might not be amiss for the presence of a few police with the spirit of a police-court missionary or a Salvation Army officer. Even a little genius for goodness might do much with such an opportunity. The suggestion, perhaps, appears ridiculous to those who think of the almost instinctive suspicion and ill-feeling felt by the lower grades of our population for those whose business it is "to enforce the law." But it is precisely this predominance of physical and legal compulsion that is the trouble. If it were possible to get abroad the idea that the policeman, though entrusted with the enforcement of laws, was primarily a friendly person, qualified in knowledge and in sympathy to give a poor man or woman good advice in any of the common troubles or emergencies, not only would untold private benefits accrue, but a new and hitherto incredible respect for the law might come into existence. Would it not be feasible to draft into the forces of our great towns some men (and women) capable of so high a service? It will be urged that work of so delicate and responsible a nature will need persons drawn from a higher class in education and position than would be available. But is this certainly the case? We doubt it. Every one of us, in our journey through life, has come across here and there a working man or woman—a carpenter, a drayman, a charwoman—with all the qualities for such a post. Natural disposition, good home training, and a wide schooling in life, are, of course, incomparably more valuable for such influence than trained intellect and academic culture. But now and again there would doubtless be a volunteer from the classes, who, instead of ordinary settlement work, would enlist in this closer social service.

It is, indeed, a deplorable thing that to a large section of our public, Government means chiefly police interference and repression. For the many positive benefits conferred to-day through the State and the Municipality, are scarcely realized by the sort of populations to whom the police and the police courts are so impressive a reality. But the real moral of "Punch" goes deeper still. The chief reason why no attempt is

made to do such work is a belief that it cannot be done, because evil is more real and more potent than good. No doubt this belief will be formally denied by all save a few proud pessimists. But this denial is contradicted by the whole trend of actual evidence. Why have we a proverb to tell us that "Evil communications corrupt good manners" without any antithetical proverb, "Good communications improve bad manners"? This same strange assumption that badness is positive and powerful, goodness negative and feeble, seems to pervade the ordinary view of character and conduct in every department of life. Morality has always been couched in restrictions and taboos. It is of supreme significance that the Ten Commandments are not commandments at all, but prohibitions. Education has not yet succeeded in escaping the implication that its purpose is to get rid of ignorance and error, teachers only slowly responding to the positive conception of informing and nourishing the mind. If anyone is disposed to question this, let him turn to the ordinary working of our examination system. He will find it dominated, consciously or unconsciously, by the endeavor to discover what is not known rather than what is known.

But the crucial test is found in all matters affecting health. For health is everywhere conceived in terms of not being ill, and hygiene, public and private, is directed to escaping maladies. If a person has "nothing the matter with him," he is said to be "quite well." Wellness is then only a negative condition. So Nurse tells us, "Baby has been perfectly good, he hasn't woke once." A schoolboy will get the good conduct prize if he has fewer bad marks than any other boy. All this is surely indicative of slovenly thinking, and is fraught with most injurious consequences. For all qualities that constitute goodness, such as love, justice, courage, fidelity, and self-control, are positive and passionate feelings, inducing actions that are beneficial to ourselves and others. A virtue is as potent in its operation as a vice, a saint is as constructive as a sinner is destructive. Why do our common ways of speech and thought deny it? Or, turning once more to health, why are the efforts of hygienic science devoted so exclusively to the discovery and stoppage of diseases? Are we really entitled to consider the world we live in such a devil-ridden place that it provides no beneficent, but only maleficent, germs, and that the only service rendered by friendly bacilli is to destroy other hostile bacilli, converting our bodies into a constant battlefield? Ought not health to be as positive as virtue, and as potent in its manifold activities, and do we not commit a grievous wrong against our body and our soul in thinking otherwise? For in treating sin, misery, and disease as positives, but goodness, happiness, and health as negatives, we are guilty, not merely of confused thought, but of a thoroughly unsound economy of life. By endowing evil, as we do, with more reality and practical importance than good, we are impelled to keep the thought of it constantly before our minds, and to expend most of our energy in avoiding evils which might otherwise have been devoted to achieving good. This is a depressing spiritual policy; it belongs to an age of growing timidity which plays for safety, and shuns those risks and enterprises that are the necessary price of progress, a price all great men and great peoples have gladly paid. All freedom of movement in thought and in individual and political life involves dangers, and the men and the peoples who incur such dangers are those who set their hearts and minds on higher things than the mere saving of their souls and bodies.

THE FUTURIST CLEAN SWEEP.

No wonder it was in Italy that the Futurists arose. Think what it must be to live from cradle to grave surrounded with ruins, to move perpetually among the deposited strata of history, to be overwhelmed every day by the enormous shadows of the past! What it must be to have your country regarded as a museum or a picture-gallery, to see thousands on thousands of Germans and English every year parading your streets and mountains

with guide-books to all the fine buildings, paintings, and pretty scenes produced by your remote ancestors, but taking no more notice of you or your countrymen than of the flies in their soup. Think of the chatter of antiquarians, archaeologists, art-critics, art-collectors, professors, and readers of Ruskin for ever buzzing in your ears! Could any fate be more appalling than to be born buried for your life-time in Rome, Florence, or Venice? What chance has a statesman, poet, or painter, when at every corner he is confronted with the cold shade of Caesar, Dante, or Titian? What chance has a woman against the mother of the Gracchi, the wisdom of Colonna, the beauty of those "dear dead women, with such hair too"? The Italian fares worse than the son of a genius or the daughter of a beauty. Ages of genius, generations of beauty, are the Italian's parents, and it is not fair thus to handicap the living soul with the dead-weight of an unforgotten past, nor to smother the moment's flame beneath mountains of splendid lumber.

In revolt against this perpetual suffocation the Futurists have risen. They feel the pride of youth, the oldest being under thirty, and they give themselves ten years before, in their turn, they are laid upon the shelf of mummies, and another generation comes thundering at the gate. Certainly, they thunder at the gate themselves. They rattle and crash and cry aloud. With militant fists and sticks in Rome and Milan they batter their demands upon art and life into the insensate pates of highly esteemed citizens who were pursuing the noiseless tenor of established beauty and behavior. And their demands are no less violent than their actions. Let us take one of their latest manifestoes, that cannot yet have become entirely obsolete, being barely six weeks old. It is called "L'Antitradition Futuriste," and it begins with a few words entirely incomprehensible to the old-fashioned understanding. But the rest is easy. The first section is headed "Destruction," and under it falls the "Suppression of History," with the warning "No Regrets!" printed at the side. The suppression of history involves the suppression of about twenty established nuisances, such as "poetic grief," "the copy in art," syntax, adjectives, punctuation (the Manifesto has no stop from start to finish, except a comma or two in the last lines), tenses, and persons of verbs, the sublime artist, houses, criticism and satire, verse and boredom.

That is a fairly good start for a spring cleaning. It clears away a lot of rubbish, and one has always envied the Red Indians who burn their wigwags every year and begin afresh. As more particular instances of stuff that ought to be shovelled away, the Manifesto in another paragraph consigns to some indescribable gulf of a dust-hole all critics, pedagogues, professors, museums, ruins, historians, lovers of landscapes, essayists, and good taste, together with such places as Venice, Versailles, Pompeii, Bruges, Oxford, Nuremberg, Toledo, Benares, Bayreuth, Florence, Montmartre, and Munich, in the train of which upon the broad road to destruction will follow the dangerously infectious but obsolete figures of Dante, Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Goethe, Montaigne, Wagner, Beethoven, Poe, Walt Whitman, Baudelaire, and those Siamese Twins, D'Annunzio and Rostand. On the other hand, the Futurist Rose of Salvation is presented to all Futurists, such as Marinetti, Picasso, Boccioni, Apollinaire (who signs the Manifesto), Matisse, Severini, and a large number of others whose fame up to the present blazes only in their future. It rather surprises us to find Mr. Roger Fry (the one Englishman) upon that list of honor. Not that he does not deserve the Rose as much as anyone else, but that the Futurists declare war against Post-Impressionists and Cubists in common with all other weary Old Masters.

The Manifesto's positive page, proclaiming the objects of Futurism, is harder to understand. You may get Tariff Reform on to half a sheet of note-paper, but you cannot get a world-wide revolution in art and life. Such phrases as "Words at Liberty," "Wireless Imagination," "Onomatopœic Description," "Mechanism, Tour Eiffel, Brooklyn, and Sky-scrapers," "Nomadism," "Antigravity," "Integral Feminism," "The Right of the People and Perpetual War," or "Physical Transcendentalism," are partially intelligible, but one

feels that they need further explanation before mankind will wipe out the past and go into the wilderness of revolution to die for them, or even to Rome and Milan with sticks and stones.

It is unfortunate that in England we know the Futurists almost entirely as painters. No one will forget their awakening exhibition of paintings last year—such pictures as Boccioni's "Rising City," with its vision of immense horses in the foreground, symbolising the power and labor of a city's construction; or again, Russolo's "Rebellion," with its crimson angles of revolutionary force dashing violently into the established dwellings of "law and order," and knocking them all "into a cocked hat." But the shattering preface to the catalogue in that exhibition was not written by a painter, but by Marinetti, a man of letters. And it was written in general terms, covering every art and all life—rather, indeed, as the creed of Futurist poets than painters. Let us recall only a sentence or two:—

"We shall sing the love of danger, the habit of energy and boldness.

"The essential elements of our poetry shall be courage, daring, and rebellion.

"There is no more beauty except in strife. No masterpiece without aggressiveness.

"We shall sing of the great crowds in the excitement of labor, pleasure, or rebellion; of the multi-colored and polyphonic surf of revolutions in modern capital cities; of the nocturnal vibrations of arsenals and workshops beneath their violent electric moons; of the greedy stations swallowing smoking snakes; of the factories suspended from the clouds by their strings of smoke" (and so on, in furious detail).

"You may pay a visit to a museum each year, as one visits one's dead once a year. . . . But to walk daily in the museums! . . . would you then poison yourselves? Do you want to decay?"

"For men on their death-beds, for invalids, and for prisoners, that's all very well! The admirable past may be a balm for their wounds, since the future is closed to them. But we will have none of it, we, the young, the strong, and the living Futurists!"

Since that Preface was written, Milan has flung out one Manifesto after another, declaring rebellion against every accepted form of art, and every established canon of life. In ancestral Rome, that has now become such a mass of hindrance and baggage burdening the world, the common cry in times of revolution was for "new tables"—abolition of debts, wiping out of old scores, clean slates, and a new start for debtors. The Futurists, certainly, are acting up to their forefathers. In every line of thought and action they clamor for "new tables," clean slates, the obliteration of our heavy old debts to the past, and a light-hearted start without a penny of tiresome usury to pay. Like some character in "Faust" we may cry:—

"Aber sie treiben's toll;

Ich fürcht', es breche."

"Nicht jeden Wochenschluss
Macht Gott die Zeche."

But if we call them mad, they take the title of madman as an honor; and if God does not send in the bill every week-end, the interval is theirs—at all events till He does.

So in sculpture, let us wipe out all traditions of beauty, from the Greeks down to Rodin inclusive. Let us abandon the imitation of classic forms that converts all our sculpture galleries into reservoirs of boredom and nausea. Let us banish the nude from sculpture as from painting. An art that has to undress a man or woman before beginning its function is an art still-born (shudders in the Academy Schools!); and it is only by a choice of entirely modern subjects that we can discover new plastic ideas. So in music, away with all the narrow restrictions of time and cadence and harmony, all the tired forms of sonata, symphony, sacred oratorios, and opera! What we seek now is the music of noises—the magnified noises with which man has surrounded himself—the roar of machinery, the clang of hammered iron, the giant pulsing of aeroplanes, the whizzing of motors, the gallop and screaming of locomotives, the thunder and shrieks of the crowd. And as to literature, the chief of Futurist poets, Marinetti himself, has given us many examples of the future style. Take one passage

only from his account of an engagement near Adrianople last autumn:—

"Furie angoisse hors d'haleine oreilles Mes oreilles mes yeux narines ouvertes! attention! quelle joie que la vôtre ô mon peuple de sens voir ouïr flairer boire tout tout tout taratatatatata les mitrailleuses crier se tortre sous 1000 morsures gifles traak-traak coups de trique coup de fouet pic pac poub-toub jongleries bonds de clown en plein ciel hauteur 200 mètres c'est la fuillade En centrebas esclaffements de marécages rires buffles chariots aiguillons piaffe de chevaux caissons flic flac zang zang chaaak chaaak cabrements pirouettes patatraak éclaboussments crinières hennissements iiiiii tohubohu tintements 3 bataillons bulgares en marche croock-craaak (lentement mesure à deux temps)."

The present writer has often attempted to describe battles, probably including this one, but he admits himself obsolete in comparison with his colleague.

As to life, we have no space to repeat the Futurist idea—its glory in danger and conflict; its abhorrence of sentiment, sickness, peace, compromise, and beauty; its resolve to spit daily at the Altar of Art; its demand for virility in women; its contempt for the "ministering angel thou!"

Here in this movement we must, at all events, recognise again the "élan de vie." Here is something that pushes forward and upward, not declining into pale decadence and softness, but rising in strength and renewing vitality. It is another visible sign of that seething and incalculable leaven of revolution which is magically working and gathering force around us. We in England also are concerned with it as much as any Italian. The Italians feel themselves stifled by the ruins or relics of beauty, and by the traditions of a great history almost coincident with Europe's. But we are stifled by mouldering customs and medieval enactments. So slowly but so long have we broadened down from precedent to precedent that, as Germans say of overfed children, we are suffocating in our own accumulated fat. So choked are we with precedent and tradition that we have not the courage to do good or evil unless it has been done before, and we set our best judges to discover, not whether a good man ought to be in gaol or not, but whether he is a "pillor or barrator" within the meaning of the Act of Edward III. It is bad to be stifled with ancestral beauty, and from that also our literature and drama suffer; but it is far worse to be choked with ancestral nonsense, and what a debt we should owe to Futurism if it would clear our lives of that! Futurists may seem to us strange people, but the point of their service lies just in their strangeness, and therefore as strangers we will give them welcome.

HUMAN LEOPARDS.

ONE rubs one's eyes and touches the reassuring solidity of the nearest table or chair on turning the printed pages of White Paper Cd. 6,961. It looks exactly like all the other White Papers that have come within our experience. It is quite as badly edited. It shows the customary waste of paper and ink and words. It tells us everything that we do not care to know, and hardly anything that we want to know. On internal evidence we are fully satisfied of its authenticity. Anyone could have forged the lion and the unicorn on the front page, but only a Government Department could have achieved the plethoric emptiness, the verbose silence, which mark its consummately official style. Yet with all this rather exaggerated correctitude of form, it is impossible, incredible, romantic. One could suspect that it had been indifferently translated from some Latin document of the early Empire. It might be a leaf from the despatches of Gallio, or an edict issued to enforce and justify the suppression of Judaic rites. But we yield reluctantly to the evidence of our eyes. What facts would be left in this world, if we insisted that facts should be credible? The thing is a perfectly commonplace despatch from the Governor of Sierra Leone, and the modern Gallio who wrote it, betrays no sign that he is dealing with anything curious or interesting. It has been issued to explain the zeal which this admirable official is showing in suppressing the Human Leopard and Human Alligator Societies of his colony. The law, we gather, has gone to

work with a due observance of all the customary forms. The misdeeds of the Human Leopards were investigated by no less a person than the Solicitor-General himself, and if anyone should doubt that the ordinances and amended ordinances under which the leopards, alligators, and other enemies of society were tried, executed, or deported, there is here the certificate of F. A. Miller, Clerk of the Legislative Council, to assure you that he has compared the printed impression of the ordinance with the Bill itself, and found it "a true and correct copy of the said Bill." The law thus truly copied has been bravely vindicated, and already it has executed, imprisoned, or deported in five months more men than the leopards themselves had slain in as many years.

What is a human leopard? The ingenuous reader will address that question to the White Paper in vain. The law, like other sportsmen, first kills its specimen and then examines it. The only human leopards of whom science has any certain knowledge, are those whom the Solicitor-General of Sierra Leone has pronounced to be such, and they are under the sod. In this investigation we must satisfy ourselves with a post-mortem. That, after all, is what history is. Over here, at any Congress of Anthropologists or at a Parliament of Religions, a human leopard would be, if the confusion is allowed us, the lion of the hour. The learned world would feast him, question him, exhibit him. A Bishop would discover in his practices the essential truth of natural religion, and some lecturer at an ethical church would compare his new lamp with the old. But a prophet has no honor in his own country. The leopard who would be welcomed in Chicago is hanged at Sierra Leone. Our misfortune is that we know nothing of this strange variety of religious belief, save at the point where its practice has brought it into clash with the law. There are very few religions which have not at some period of their development had a misunderstanding with the law, and fewer still which would be content to be judged by the facts which a Solicitor-General would compile. A little can be gleaned from this White Paper, and rather more from a book on Sierra Leone by Mr. Alldridge, an ex-official. The "human leopards" form a secret society, how recent or how ancient no one appears to know. It is a fashionable cult, and the White Paper explains that not even the paramount chiefs can be trusted to try a suspected leopard, so wide are its ramifications. Of its metaphysics and its morals these official witnesses tell us nothing. The leopards are in danger of going down to posterity, like the Assassins, as nothing more than a society of murderers. And yet it is certain that the Assassins had a most elaborate system of metaphysics. As for their morality, Shelley began a romance which would have exhibited all its purity, had it ever been completed. The leopards await their Shelley.

Meanwhile, it must be said of them that they murder on a systematic plan, and observe the niceties of form and the rules of the game as precisely as the officials who have hanged them. To obtain admission to the society, an aspirant must dress himself in a leopard's skin, prowl about in the jungle on all fours, and when he finds a suitable victim, preferably a boy or a girl, and, for choice, defenceless and alone, spring upon it from behind, and kill it, as a leopard would, by swiftly severing the spinal cord. The details of what follows are less certainly known. It may be that the human leopard devours his victim, but whatever else he does with him, he must preserve some of the fat, for human fat is an essential ingredient in the "medicine" or charm, known by the name of "borfomor." To this sovereign drug the Society of Human Leopards owes its power. It is their monopoly and their envied possession, and to obtain it few natives will grudge the paltry price—the few ounces of human fat which are required to render it efficacious.

These are the facts so far as we can glean them, and the official world apparently knows nothing more. "It has not yet been decided," says the report in the White Paper, "whether the object of the Society is merely to satisfy the craving which some savages have for human flesh, or whether the eating of human flesh

is only part of some ceremony which is believed to have the effect of increasing the mental and physical powers of the members of the Society." What intelligible notion is it that lurks behind these practices, as curious and puzzling as they are brutal and revolting? We know something of West African habits of thought from the alluring, whimsical pages of Miss Kingsley. But it does not help us much to be told, as she tells us, that the root ideas of Fetichism can be paralleled in Goethe and Spinoza, and we question gravely if it is true. There are clues and precedents which help us to penetrate a little way into this tragical labyrinth of savage thought.

All primitive hunters seem to venerate the beasts they slay, and their veneration appears to be proportioned partly to the power and partly to the utility of the creature. Many African peoples will take the utmost pains to propitiate an elephant or a lion after he is killed, lest his ghost should haunt them, or his tribe carry on a vendetta to avenge him. The people of Kamchatka will even take elaborate pains to persuade a dead bear that it was Russians and not natives who killed him. There are human bears among the North American Indians, who group themselves in societies with the bear as totem, and a young man at his initiation will prowl through the woods, growling realistically in a bearskin. It is only natural that the leopard should be as important to West Africans as the bear is to American Indians. Frazer, who tells us nothing in the "Golden Bough" about these human leopards, mentions that a West African who has killed a leopard is put on his trial, and acquitted only after an elaborate conventional defence. There is so far nothing surprising in the fact that the leopard should obsess the West African imagination. If a secret society takes him for its totem, that is only what we should expect. Nor is the dramatic instinct which causes the members of the society to dress themselves as leopards and to imitate their motions at all unusual. It is, on the contrary, the commonplace of savage thought. The Vikings from Jutland who followed Hengist (the stallion) and Horsa doubtless did the same thing, and if the great white horses that still gleam on the chalk hills of the southern counties could tell us all their history, they might repeat for us a tale no less curious of the human horses among our own ancestors.

But here the parallel seems to end abruptly. The savage hunter who identifies himself with a bear, who regards the bear as his ancestor, who believes in simple prosaic faith that he is himself a bear, and in some queer sense venerates the bear as a sort of god, steps from these premises to a ritual and a theology which are none the less curious because they are so widely diffused. He kills his god, and eats him. He has many elaborate and perhaps convincing arguments to justify this conduct, which are all set forth in that plain man's Bible, "The Golden Bough." One of them is, of course, that by eating the bear he acquires his many admirable qualities. Are we to suppose that the metaphysic by which other races have reconciled the killing of their gods with their worship is too sophisticated, too subtle for the West African mind? For our part, we are bound to confess that the logic of Sierra Leone seems to us more cogent, more straightforward, more honest in its downright bloodiness. If you are a leopard, why, then, it is obvious that you should do as leopards do. Now, in spite of the "Golden Bough" and all its subtleties, bears do not eat bears, nor do leopards eat leopards. Leopards notoriously eat boys and girls when they get the chance, and they spring on them from the jungle, and sever their spines. So regarded, there is no sort of mystery in the performance of the logicians of Sierra Leone. They have worked out the syllogism "Barbara" to its only legitimate conclusion. If theirs is not an orthodox development of the thought of totemism, we think no better of orthodoxy. The plain fact is, if the truth must be told, that the other practitioners of totemism have been led astray by their appetites. Bears, we believe, are good to eat, succulent ancestors, savory gods. Theology has allowed itself to be distorted by its palate. These men of Sierra Leone alone have the

austere courage of their convictions. They think clearly; they reason boldly; and clear thinking and bold reasoning have led as they commonly do—to the gallows.

PICK AND SPADE.

"We've got to give up our 'lotments this Michaelmas," said the old man when we asked after his crops. "The Parson won't be bothered with 'em any more. I don't blame him neither, for he's had to farm half on 'em himself, because nobody'll take 'em." It was bad hearing, for a few years ago the allotments were highly prosperous and a great boon to the fifteen or twenty men who grew food on them. We wondered what had happened to stop the demand for them. "When the fust drie years was up," said the old man, "they only put up the rent from ten shillings an acre to two pound ten. But it was enough to knock the heart out o' some of us. That fust drie years I was the best varmer in the vield. All on 'em zed zo. And now I don't need nobody to tell m', because I do know I be the wust. It's come to all on us that it yun't no odds whether we keeps the 'lotments or no, and so they'll ha' to go."

So the field goes back to the farm. The plough runs its levelling course through all the personal checkings of turnips, potatoes, cabbage, rhubarb, tomatoes, grinding them all down for a uniform drill of oats or wheat to defray the old rental of seven-and-six an acre, and with good hap to leave something over for the paymaster. There will be pots empty that were wont to be filled in a dozen households, and other pots filled in the public that used to stand empty when men had their patches to dig on the village field. Once more it has been proved that the people do not want allotments, and cannot keep them going when they are induced to start them. A fresh argument has been provided wherewith the farmers can disprove the next apparent demand for a bit of land for cottagers, the argument of experience against the easy theories of town politicians. The farmer declares that he is nothing in pocket by letting his seven-and-sixpenny land at two pounds ten. The cottager, he says, can never use manure, and the field must be re-started with a heavy dressing. He gives his late tenants no credit for the spading they have done, a method of breaking up the soil deemed by most people very superior to the plough. The plough soon smoothes it all out, and the field of little plots is forgotten.

Soon after, we visited a man who, by a very rare chance in English rural economics, had got nearly four acres of land, not as tenant at will, but with the "three F's," won with blood and fire by the Irish people. He can stay on the land as long as he likes; his terms are fixed; all his improvements belong to himself. Some land can sometimes be got on those terms in the higgledy-piggledy of private ownership and individual contract. It will not be always the best land, but this surely must be. It is a soft, reddish mould, very amenable to the hoe, so that it is now entirely free from weeds, and in absolutely unbroken rows, cabbages, onions, parsnips, carrots, and all the other subjects of intensive culture stand and wax in the rain and sunshine. Here we have a rood of broad beans, first seen and smelt in blossom one moonlight night, but now half-stripped of their pods. There is not a file missing, and so not an inch of soil wasted, but in this year of excessive black fly there is just a smear of it in one part of the patch.

The gardener could not borrow a spray just when he wanted it, and so the beans were attended to a week too late. "I've come to the conclusion," he says, "that a man never loses a crop except by his own fault. That bit of black fly is my fault for not spraying at the right time. Slugs and wireworm will never be a plague if you keep the land winter-dug and clear of weeds. There is no bad luck in gardening, only bad management." It is clear that there is no bad management here, though the man who has done it all came with no more experience of horticulture than could be picked up in a boot-factory. He has no pigs or cattle to use up waste and supply manure, but he regards every ounce of chemical

fertiliser as a cent.-per-cent. investment, and sees that the dividend is duly paid. Luckily, he is a co-operator, and thus gets the full benefit of the Fertilisers Act, and pays a proper price for a proper percentage. Luxuriant as the growth is, there is very little waste of manure. "You can overfeed a plant and give it indigestion, just as you can a human being," he says.

Yes, truly, this must be a bit of the best land, you say as you walk with covetous sighs through this review of flourishing vegetables. But suddenly you come to a piece of plain ground not yet dealt with. It ought to be labelled "Before the spade," and the rest "After the spade." A chance gash has made a geological section, and it must be described as an inch of turf, a foot of stone brash, and then a store of paving-stones, tiles, and blocks for building. At two inches, the fork meets so uncompromising an obstruction that we may be pardoned for calling it solid rock. Now we see scattered about the holding long heaps of stone, sometimes in slabs bigger than a man could heave, sometimes only as big as bricks. The eye, measuring their cubical content, soon estimates a few hundred tons, and there are still heaps uncounted. There is as much more hidden in the roads and paths, which have been taken out, scraped of their earth, and then re-built with solid stone. The labor of quarrying this garden and then replacing the stone with earth must have been gigantic. The man says simply that, having seen it as it was, he next saw it as it might be, and in the course of years made it so.

Fortunately, a part of the holding near the stream that bounds its lower edge was of deeper soil. It was made to help out the stony parts, its tribute being carried to the upper pits as they were hewn. It is here that the paths were dug out four feet deep, every scrap of clay saved to be weathered for new soil, and the trench filled with the superfluous stone. The nether land was the first cultivated, being trenched very deep, and from time to time robbed of soil for the betterment of the thinner plots. The donkey-cart that takes vegetables to market brought also its tiny loads of road-sweepings, leaf mould, decayed turf, and anything that came to the eye of the gardener, always on the look-out for possibilities in the way of new soil. Then haulms of beans and potatoes and the outer leaves of cabbages, hedge-clippings, and anything that would rot became aftermath, almost as valuable as the crop. The soil of a rich garden grows, especially where the bonfire is not employed. The second acre was not so hard to make as the first, and the third was garden almost as soon as it was quarried. A fifth will be almost a necessity for the dumping of superfluous soil. Here, at last, after labor well-nigh inestimable, is land lately worth ten pounds an acre freehold, as productive as an almost first-class market-garden. It is something to have been able to see that through the cinquefoil and rockrose that Nature put there; it is still more to have been able to carve it out.

The complete paradise foreseen has not yet been materialised. There is to be glass, whereby the earliest things asked by a pampered market can be had. Again, the pickaxe is the first implement called upon. It has hewn out a long stone coffin in the bones of the hill. A short wall continues its sides above the level of the ground, and on this the lights will lean. This is a bleak place, where the business of growth dare not begin in the open-air before March. We will make a climate for our garden as well as the soil. Another dream pressing for fulfilment is the irrigation of the whole slope, a scheme that, at any rate in dry summers, will double its productivity. A water-wheel will make a small stream run up-hill, and after accumulation, it will run gurgling in pleasant stone gutters, and lave the roots of plants when they are thirsty. A traveller over these dry and barren hills will stumble on this oasis, as he may now, and think himself the victim of mirage. There are hundreds of square miles of such land adjoining this, not to mention the thousands and millions of hides of richer land still barren as to nine-tenths of their possibilities; there are spades and pickaxes in the shops, and men to wield them growing rustier than they.

Allotments and small holdings, however, are a silly craze. Nobody wants them, and nobody could work one if he tried. Any farmer will tell you that.

Short Studies.

THE HORSES.

HE was tall, and she was short. He was bulky, promising to be fat. She was thin, and, with a paring here and there, would have been skinny. His face was sternly resolute, solemn indeed, her's was prim; and primness is the most everlasting, indestructible trait of humanity. It can outface the Sphinx. It is destructible only by death. Whoever has married a prim woman must hand over his breeches and his purse, he will collect postage stamps in his old age, he will twiddle his thumbs and smile when the visitor asks him a question, he will grow to dislike beer, and will admit and assert that a man's place is the home. These things come to pass as surely as the procession of the seasons.

It may be asked why he had married her, and it would be difficult to find an answer to that question. The same query might be put to almost any couple, for (and it is possibly right that it should be so) we do not marry by mathematics, but by some extraordinary attraction, which is neither entirely sexual nor mental. Something other than these, something as yet uncharted by psychology, is the determining factor. It may be that the universal, strange chemistry of nature, planning granite and twig, ant and onion, is also ordering us more imperatively and more secretly than we are aware.

He had always been a hasty creature. He never had any brains, and had never felt the lack of them. He was one of those men who are called "strong," because of their imperfect control over themselves. His appetites and his mental states ruled him. He was impatient of any restraint; whatever he wanted to do he wanted urgently to do, and would touch no alternatives. He had the robust good-humor which will cheerfully forgive you to-morrow for the wrongs he has done you to-day. He bore no malice to anyone on earth, except those who took their medicine badly. Meek people got on very well with him because they behaved themselves, but he did not like them to believe they would inherit the earth.

Some people marry because other people have done so. It is in the air, like clothing and art, and not eating with a knife. He, of course, got married because he wanted to, and the singular part of it was that he did not mate with a meek woman. Perhaps he thought she was meek, for before marriage there is a habit of deference on both sides which is misleading, and sometimes troublesome.

From the beginning of their marriage he had fought against his wife with steadiness and even ferocity. Scarcely had they been wed when her gently-repressive hand was laid upon him, and, like a startled horse, he bounded at the touch into freedom—that is, as far as the limits of the matrimonial rope would permit. Of course, he came back again—there was the rope, and the unfailing, untiring hand easing him to the way he was wanted to go.

There was no fighting against that. Or, at least, it did not seem that fighting was any use. One may punch a bag, but the bag does not mind, and at last one grows weary of unproductive quarrelling. One shrugs one's shoulders, settles to the collar, and accepts whatever destiny the gods, in their wisdom, have ordained. Is life the anvil upon which the gods beat out their will? It is not so. The anvil is matter, the will of the gods is life itself, urging through whatever torment to some identity which it can only surmise or hope for; and the one order to life is that it shall not cease to rebel until it has ceased to live, when, perhaps, it can take up the shaping struggle in some other form or some other place.

But he had almost given in. Practically he had bowed to the new order. Domestic habits were settling

about him thick as cobwebs, and as clinging. His feet were wiped on the mat when he came in. His hat was hung on the orthodox projection. His kiss was given at the stated time, and lasted for the regulation period. The chimney-corner claimed him, and got him. The window was his outlook on life. Beyond the hall door were foreign lands inhabited by people who were no longer of his kind. The cat and the canary were his familiars, and his wife was rapidly becoming his friend.

Once a day he trod solemnly forth on the designated walk.

"Be back before one o'clock," said the voice of kind authority, "lunch will be ready."

"Won't you be back before two?" said that voice, "the lawn has to be rolled."

"Don't stay out after three," that voice entreated, "we are going to visit Aunt Kate."

And at one and two and three o'clock he paced urgently wifeward. He ate the lunch that was punctually ready. He rolled the inevitable lawn. He trod sturdily to meet the Aunt Kate and did not quail, and then he went home again. One climbed to bed at ten o'clock, one was gently spoken to until eleven o'clock, and then one went to sleep.

One day she entrusted him with a sum of money, and requested that he should go down the town and pay at certain shops certain bills, the details whereof she furnished to him on paper.

"Be back before three o'clock," said the good lady, "for the Fegans are coming to tea. You need not take your umbrella, it won't rain, and you ought to leave your pipe behind, it doesn't look nice. Bring some cigarettes instead, and your walking-stick if you like, and be sure to be back before three."

He pressed his pipe into a thing on the wall which was meant for pipes, put his cigarette case into his pocket, and took his walking-stick in his hand.

"You did not kiss me good-bye!" said she gently. So he returned and did that, and then he went out.

It was a delicious day. The sun was shining with all its might. One could see that it liked shining, and hoped everybody enjoyed its art. If there were birds about anywhere, it is certain they were singing. In this suburb, however, there were only sparrows, but they hopped and flew, and flew and hopped, and cocked their heads sideways and chirped something cheerful, but possibly rude, as one passed. They were busy to the full extent of their beings, playing innocent games with happy little flies, and there was not one worry among a thousand of them.

There was a cat lying on a hot window-ledge. She was looking drowsily at the sparrows; and anyone could see that she loved them, and wished them well.

There was a dog stretched across a doorway. He was very quiet, but he was not in the least bored. He was taking a sunbath, and he was watching the cat. So steadily did he observe her that one discerned at a glance he was her friend, and would protect her at any cost.

There was a small boy, who held in his left hand a tin can and a piece of string. With his right hand he was making affectionate gestures to the dog. He loved playing with animals, and he always rewarded their trust in him.

Our traveller paced slowly onwards, looking at his feet as he went. He noticed with a little dismay that he could not see as much of his legs as he thought he should see. There was a slight but nicely-shaped curve between him and his past.

"I am getting fat," said he to himself, and the reflection carried him back to the morning mirror.

"I am getting a bit bald, too," said he, and a quiet sadness took possession of him.

But he reassured himself. "One does get fat. Everyone gets fat after they get married," said he. He reviewed his friends and acquaintances, and found that this was true, and he bowed before an immutable decree. "One does get bald," quoth he. "Everybody gets bald. The wisest people in the world lose their hair. Kings and generals, rich people and poor people, they are all bald. It is not a disgrace," said he; and he trod soberly forward in the sunshine.

A young man caught up on him from behind, and strode past. He was whistling. His coat tails were lifted, and his hands were thrust in his pockets. His elbows jerked to right and left as he marched.

"A fellow oughtn't to swagger about like that," said our traveller. "What does he want to tuck up his coat for, anyhow? It's not decent," said he in a low voice. "It makes people laugh," said he.

A girl came out of a shop near by, and paced down in their direction. She looked at the young man as they passed, and then she turned again, a glance—no more—and looked after him without stopping her pace. She came on. She had no pockets to stick her hands in, but she also was swaggering. There was a left and right movement of her shoulders, an impetus and retreat of her hips. Something very strong and yet reticent about her surging body. She passed the traveller, and went down the road.

"She did not look at me," said he, and his mind folded its hands across its stomach, and sat down while he went forward in the sunlight to do his errands.

He stopped to light a cigarette, and stood for a few minutes watching the blue smoke drifting and thinning away on the air. While he stood, a man drove up with a horse and car. The car was laden with groceries—packets of somebody's tea, boxes of somebody's chocolate, bottles of beer and of mineral waters, tins of boot blacking and parcels of soap, confectionery and tinned fish, cheese, macaroni, and jam. The man was beating the horse as he approached, and the traveller looked at them both through a wreath of smoke—

"I wonder," said he, "why that man beats his horse?"

The driver was sitting at ease. He was not angry. He was not impatient. There was nothing the matter with him at all. But he was steadily beating the horse, not harshly, gently, in truth. He beat the horse without ill-will, almost without knowing he was doing it. It was a sort of wrist exercise. A quick, delicate twitch of the whip that caught the animal under the belly, always in the same place. It was very skilful, but the driver was so proficient in his art that one wondered why he had to practise at it any longer. And the horse did not make any objection! Not even with his ears; they lay back to his mane as he jogged steadily forward in the sunlight. His hooves were shod with iron, but they moved with an unflinching, humble regularity. His mouth was filled with great, yellow teeth, but he kept his mouth shut, and one could not see them. He did not increase or diminish his pace under the lash, he jogged onwards, and did not seem to mind it.

The reins were jerked suddenly, and the horse turned in to the path and stopped, and when he stood he was not any quieter than when he had been moving. He did not raise his head or whisk his tail. He did not move his ears to the sounds behind and on either side of him. He did not paw and fumble with his feet. There was a swarm of flies about his head; they moved along from the point of his nose to the tip of his forehead, but mostly they clustered in black, obscene patches about his eyes, and through these patches his eyes looked out with a strange patience, a strange mildness. He was stating a fact over and over to himself, and he could not think of anything else—

"There are no longer any meadows in the world," said he. "They came in the night and took away the green meadows, and the horses do not know what to do." . . . Horse! Horse! Little horse! . . . You do not believe me! There are those who have no whips. There are children who would love to lift you in their arms and stroke your head . . .

The driver came again, he mounted to his seat, and the horse turned carefully, and trotted away.

The man with the cigarette looked after them for a few minutes, and then he also turned carefully to do his errands.

He reached the railway station, and peered in at the clock. There were some men in uniform striding busily about. Three or four people were moving up the steps towards the ticket office. A ragged man shook a newspaper in his face, paused for half a second, and fled

away bawling his news. A red-faced woman pushed hastily past him. She was carrying a big basket and a big baby. She was terribly engrossed by both, and he wondered, if she had to drop one, which of them it would be? A short, stout, elderly man was hoisting himself and a great leather portmanteau by easy stages up the steps. He was very determined. He bristled at everybody as at an enemy. He regarded inanimate nature as if he was daring it to move. It would not be easy to make that man miss a train. A young lady trod softly up the steps. She draped snowy garments about her, but her ankles rebelled: whoever looked quickly saw them once, and then she spoke very severely to them, and they hid themselves. It was plain that she could scarcely control them, and that they would escape again when she wasn't looking. A young man bounded up the steps; he was too late to see them, and he looked as if he knew it. He stared angrily at the girl, but she lifted her chin slightly, and refused to admit that he was alive. A very small boy was trying to push a large india-rubber ball into his mouth, but his mouth was not big enough to hold it, and he wept because of his limitations. He was towed along by his sister, a girl so tall that one might say her legs reached to heaven, and maybe they did.

He looked again at the hour. It was one minute to two o'clock . . . and then something happened. The whole white world became red. The oldest seas in the world went suddenly lashing into storm. An ocean of blood thundered into his head, and the noise of that primitive flood, roaring from what prehistoric gulfs, deafened him at an instant. The waves whirled his feet from under him. He went foaming up the steps, was swept violently into the ticket office, and was swirled away like a bobbing cork into the train. A guard tried to stop him, for the train was already taking its pace, but one cannot keep out the tide with a ticket-puncher. The guard was overwhelmed, caught in the backwash, and swirled somewhere, anywhere out of sight and knowledge. The train gathered speed, went flying out of the station into the blazing sunlight, picked up its heels and ran, and ran, and ran; the wind leaped by the carriage window shrieking with laughter; the wide fields danced with each other, shouting aloud—"The horses are coming again to the green meadows, make way, make way for the great, wild horses!" And the trees went leaping from horizon to horizon shrieking and shrieking the news.

JAMES STEPHENS.

Present-Day Problems.

THE DOCTORS AND THE SECRET PLAGUE.

THE decision of the Government to act on the proposal of the doctors and to appoint a Royal Commission on the subject of the most revolting of all the diseases that scourge humanity was pretty clearly foreshadowed in Lord Morley's speech last week. Everybody who has been in touch with life and health in the mass, whether as doctor, or official, or guardian of the poor, or magistrate, must have asked himself, when faced with the vast and widespread consequences of the disease, whether society was as powerless to protect the innocent and the unborn from this hideous and devastating poison as it apparently believed itself to be. Brieux's plays must have brought the same question to the minds of thousands who know nothing from experience or observation of the facts and figures of the health of the nation, and to whom this terrible evil had been a vague shadow on the happiness and life of the race. The world is full of injustice and undeserved catastrophe; but is it really impossible to lift a finger to save men and women and children from this curse, "transmitted in the dark from generation to generation"?

Lord Morley said last week that the surgeon's reason of State cannot stand as the sole decisive factor. That is truer even of this than of other questions of health. The doctor is the scientific expert, who presents certain laws and principles, laboriously acquired, and

often tentatively submitted, for the guidance of the statesman. Doctors are ministers in the real sense of the term: they advise, but they do not rule. It might happen that they could cure this or that disease, but only by methods that would do irreparable injury to society or the race. In some circles there is a temptation to put doctors in a false position; to make them a kind of priesthood, with a mysterious and a universal wisdom. Statesmen can never make that mistake, for their dependence on popular confidence obliges them to weigh the advice of the doctors as they would weigh the advice of experts of any other kind, and to keep in view not only what the doctors tell them, but the hundred and one other circumstances that the doctors are not called upon to consider.

Some problems that are medical problems to the doctor are also social problems to the statesman. This particular problem has the further complication of sex. It is due to this that it is a problem with a fierce and painful past. One thing, however, is quite certain. The degrading view of woman, involved in the desperate and shameful expedient that England renounced a generation ago, is fast vanishing, and no Government could hold office for an hour that tried, under any pretext, to revive the old false discipline by which the stronger sex sought to purchase immunity for its pleasures. Public opinion on that question has advanced rather than fallen back in the thirty years that have elapsed since that battle was won. And not public opinion only, but expert opinion too. That is very clear from the doctors' discussion of this disease and its treatment, and the possible courses before the race, at the Albert Hall last Saturday. There were the specialists from France, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Denmark, and the United States, besides our leading physicians, and the doctors whose business it is to watch over the health of the Army. They brought the experience of many countries and many systems, sifted and mastered by powerful minds, concentrated for many years on this one problem. And the capital and most striking result of the discussion is the abandonment of the case for regulated prostitution. Professor Blaschko, of Berlin, gave it as his opinion that "the regulation of prostitution had proved unsuccessful in diminishing venereal disease in any country, chiefly because such regulation does not control the most dangerous individuals, *i.e.*, those who are not crippled by this malady from spreading the infection." Professor Pontoppidan, of Copenhagen, explained that compulsory regulation had broken down in Denmark seven years ago for that very reason, and that it had been abolished in consequence. A Lyons doctor showed that a similar change had led to a doubling of the attendances for notification in that city. Our own specialists were not less emphatic in throwing discredit on compulsion. All compulsion was useless, said Dr. Douglas White, for it led to concealment; and Mr. Ernest Lake, the senior surgeon at the London Lock Hospital, agreed that the day for compulsion had passed. The resolutions adopted made no reference to this policy. The doctors do not ask for it. They are looking elsewhere for remedies.

The whole subject has thus been freed from the shadow of its past, and this is an enormous gain. The general policy of the doctors may be summed up in education, treatment, and notification. The resolutions adopted last Saturday called on the Governments of all the countries represented "(1) to institute a system of confidential notification of the disease to a sanitary authority where such notification does not already obtain; and (2) to make systematic provision for the diagnosis and treatment of all cases of syphilis not otherwise provided for." These resolutions lay down a general policy, and the Royal Commission will consider its merits and difficulties, and the practical questions it raises. There are great difficulties, as everybody is aware, but the greatest difficulty has been removed now that the question has been forced into the light, and forced into the light as a new question disentangled from a hateful past. We may hope to see an end of the false and treacherous delicacy that has left the young in so many cases to find out for themselves that the penalty for their first hour

of self-gratification may be death or madness, or horrible infection of those around them. Notification, under various forms, is working with great success in Denmark, in France, and in the United States. Dr. Woods Hutchinson, of New York, a nephew of Sir Jonathan Hutchinson, explained that in New York patients were known by number, and that the Health Laboratory was making 150 examinations daily. He pointed out the great hopefulness of notification, now that Professor Ehrlich had found a treatment which would clear the blood, at any rate for a time, of infective material. This meant that a patient could be rendered harmless by prompt notification. The policy is not in any sense a notice policy: the doctors were all agreed upon that. It must be a health policy: the scientific and organised treatment of disease in the way that makes it easiest for the patient to seek it, and for those free from it to escape it. It means great expenditure, as they have found in Copenhagen, but that is no obstacle when the life and mind of a race have so much at stake. We may hope that we are approaching this deadly disease in the way and the spirit in which we have approached and begun to tame the disease, in some respects less deadly, of tuberculosis.

ADMINISTRATOR.

Communications.

SIR EDWARD CARSON'S SPEECHES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If the reports in the "Times" are correct as to the extraordinary proceedings of Sir Edward Carson during his recent tour in Ulster, sooner or later the Government must institute a prosecution—unless, indeed, the information at Dublin Castle is that the whole affair is a game of bluff. Sir Edward reviews, encourages, and addresses large bodies of drilled men, many of them armed with rifles. On July 23rd, the "Times" correspondent estimated the present number of these volunteers at from 50,000 to 100,000 men. He wrote that recruits were joining daily, and that the eventual number would approximate to 200,000. Writing on July 28th, the same observer says: "The development of the Ulster movement on semi-military lines is rapidly becoming one of its characteristic features. The Volunteer Force which has latterly come into existence is a highly developed organisation, under proper leadership and control, and possessing all the usual accompaniments of an army, such as an army service corps, a field hospital with trained nurses, and a highly equipped signalling corps." At the head of this organisation, admittedly, stands Sir Edward Carson. Its purpose has been set forth by Sir Edward in the plainest language. His speeches made to drilled and sometimes armed men, though very shortly reported, are unambiguous.

I will give three examples. On July 18th, at Ballymena, he said there were three courses open for "those in Ulster": quietly to give way; to compromise; or to fight it out to the end. The third alternative (*sic*), said he, was what they were going to do. "That was why he and they were present that day. Because they were going to fight it out together, and they wanted to get to know and trust each other. Although he did not underestimate the difficulties which lay before them, if they won—as he believed they would win—they would put an end for ever to this threatening of their civil and religious liberties, which almost made him sick. For his own part he would much rather have a good row and be done with it than for everlasting having these Bills brought in, threatening them as if they were so much dirt to be swept away by the brooms of John Redmond and Joe Devlin. After all, the worst that could happen was that they might be beaten. He did not think it likely, but supposing they were beaten, they would have, at all events, done men's work. They would have been faithful to their trust, and shown they were prepared to fight for what they thought was right." On July 22nd, at Lisburn, after reviewing 2,000 men of the Volunteer Force, Sir Edward Carson is reported as saying: "It was Ulstermen who, when driven by

bad trade to leave Ulster and go to the United States, and being unfairly treated there, drew up the Declaration of Independence; and when the Crown and Constitution of England would not listen to their case, determined to rely upon themselves. And you will rely upon yourselves. We, at all events, are going to show that the men of Ulster are not inferior to the men who went before them, and that, please God, they will be able to maintain the privileges which they have inherited." On July 26th, we are told, in West Belfast, when the new Declaration of Independence will be signed: "For my own part," said Sir Edward, "I hope in September to call together the whole of the Ulster Council, and I hope we shall sit in our own parliament from day to day, taking all necessary precautions, by committees and otherwise, and by gaining information throughout the country through the clubs, we will be sitting there from day to day until we have absolutely completed all our arrangements for taking over the government of Ulster ourselves upon the day that Home Rule is put upon the Statute Book. . . . That might be an illegal procedure, but it would be a challenge to the Government to interfere with it if they dared. But the Government had not the courage to interfere. He had noticed that a poor woman had been fined for playing 'Boyne Water' on a concertina. It was a disgrace to be prosecuting poor and humble people for doing nothing at all when they had not the courage to take up the challenge of the Irish Unionists and see who really were the people who were promoting a revolution."

Sir Edward Carson's repeated invitations to the Government to arrest him remind me of the situation in "The Red Hand of Ulster," when the Belfast rebels lost their temper because the Government troops would fire over their heads, killing peaceful citizens several streets away. There is little doubt that Sir Edward has laid himself open to a prosecution for treason, or for treason-felony. Other offences, such as seditious conspiracy and unlawful drilling, may be left out of count in view of the more serious crimes. No one wants Sir Edward Carson condemned to a public execution; but a term of penal servitude would prevent him from organising or taking part in any Irish disturbances until Home Rule was accomplished. I should rather anticipate, therefore, a prosecution for treason-felony under Section 3 of the Treason-Felony Act, 1848. The more material words of the Section are:—"If any person . . . shall, within the United Kingdom or without, compass . . . or intend . . . to levy war against His Majesty, within any part of the United Kingdom, in order by force or constraint to compel him to change his measures or counsels, or in order to put any force or constraint upon, or in order to intimidate or overawe, both Houses or either House of Parliament . . . and such compassings . . . or intentions . . . shall express, utter, or declare by publishing any printing or writing, or by any overt act or deed, every person so offending shall be guilty of felony. . . ." Can there be any doubt that Sir Edward Carson intends to levy war against His Majesty, to intimidate or overawe the House of Commons, and that he has expressed such intention by overt acts and deeds? The Section as it was originally passed contained the words, "by open and advised speaking," after the words, "by publishing any printing or writing," and Section 4 of the same Act contained certain limitations on the right of prosecution when the only overt acts relied on were "open and advised speaking." These words and Section 4 have since been repealed. It is probable that they were unnecessary; for Baron Alderson, in charging the Grand Jury at Liverpool in December, 1848 (before these words were repealed), said: "But I take it to be perfectly clear that open and advised speaking, where it assumes the nature of an advice and incitement to others, is, and always was, an overt act of high treason, because it is an incitement and an inducement to others to do acts which the party is a party to doing the moment they are done by the others, and therefore I apprehend there was no reasonable ground for the distinction which was sought to be made, unless, indeed, it was that to which I have referred." His Lordship had suggested that the words might refer merely to "a declaration of previous intentions," as distinguished from "advice and incitement to others," which had always been a clear, overt act of treason. Sir Edward Carson's words were clearly an advice and incitement to others, and if no other overt acts were proved, these would be sufficient.

But the Liberal layman has probably long made up his mind there is a case for a prosecution, and the question he is asking is: When, and where? It is the duty of the Government and of the citizen to prosecute those who offend against the criminal law, and, when a crime is complete, at once. But in the case of a continuing offence, and that is this case, authority may strike too soon. The object of all prosecution is to stop crime, and by waiting, evidence may be accumulated which will enmesh all those concerned in the conspiracy.

Again, the Crown must be prepared with an overwhelming case where the jury will be appealed to as political partisans. But if in September Sir Edward Carson forms the nucleus of a provisional Government in Belfast, it will be difficult for the Government to abstain from prosecution and affording Sir Edward Carson the platform of a State trial *à la Suffragette*. The trial would be in Ireland, unless an overt act could be proved in this country. The bringing of arms to London with a view to their transmission to Ireland for the insurrection would be an overt act, giving the Central Criminal Court jurisdiction. (See the case of *Reg. v. Davitt*, 11, Cox's Criminal Cases, 676.)

So far I have written as a lawyer. From the political point of view, the question of prosecution must depend on whether Sir Edward Carson's actions are, or are not, bluff. The Government will have the fullest information from the admirable police service at Dublin Castle, a legacy from the Unionist Governments. If the game is bluff, why afford Sir Edward the opportunity for which he asks? If the game is real, who is there to organise and lead an insurrection in Ulster, when Sir Edward Carson is under lock and key?—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL LAWYER.

August 13, 1913.

Letters to the Editor.

EDUCATION AND NATIONALISM IN INDIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Montagu's speech in the Indian debate on Thursday was of the highest significance. Couched in cautious language, it indicated an epoch-making view of the principles of an education policy in India. The exigencies of debate prevented Members from paying more than a passing reference to this fact, and limited the expression of the approval which was widely felt. May I call the attention of your readers to an article in the current number of the "Nineteenth Century," by Mr. Geoffrey Cookson, which points the argument in language which I could not hope to rival? "It would be better," says Mr. Cookson, "to leave education to private enterprise than to cover the whole land with colleges conforming to one type, foreign, efficient, formal, uninspired, leaving the soul of youth cold, and the imagination untouched." "The University should be the shrine of a nobler patriotism. . . ." "If we could serve the spiritual needs of India as we have laid the foundations of her wealth, not a hand would be lifted against us."

Mr. Cookson suggests that the remedy is further co-operation with religious missions. He says: "I do not know that such a University could be established by Government."

The qualifications of the missionary bodies for this great work may be judged by the tone and insight of leading missionaries, as shown by the following extracts from the "Renaissance in India," by Mr. C. F. Andrews: "The Christian Church has in this matter a record of achievement upon which she may look back with thankfulness. It would not be too much to say that, but for her efforts, education in India to-day would be entirely secular, as it is in Japan. Having regard to the deep religious instincts of the people of the country, this would have been nothing less than a national calamity. But the dual basis (of missionary institutions side by side with those of Government) saved the situation at the outset, and gradually the principle of religious education has come to be widely recognised even by those who were ready at one time to abandon it."

"A leading Indian thinker, not himself a Christian, said to me a short time ago: 'We are all feeling now the need of a new religious impulse, if the national movement

is to go forward. The heart of India is eternally religious, and cannot understand anything unless it is stated in religious terms.'"—Yours, &c.,

NOEL BUXTON.

House of Commons, August 12th, 1913.

ALBANIA'S GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The attitude of the Ambassadors' Conference in ignoring the Albanian Government and calling it a "phantom," calls, it seems to me, for some protest. It is undoubtedly true that the Provisional Government is not exercising all the functions of an independent organisation—it is making no treaties (nor breaking them), it is not maintaining a foreign diplomatic and Consular service. For some months two most excellent Albanian gentlemen were here in the City to look after the interests of Albania; but receiving scant recognition, either in official circles or from the public press, they were recalled. So there is no one at present to defend this little struggling State against misrepresentation. Having myself just returned from an extended trip through Albania, and having a knowledge of the language through a previous residence of some years among the Albanian people, I solicit the courtesy of your columns to present the case of the "provisional Government" as it is in operation to-day.

In the first place, this Government was created by means of a call issued by Ishmael Kaimal Bey, former Albanian deputy for Avlona in the Constantinople Parliament. Delegates to the number of about seventy from all parts of Albania appeared in answer to this call. They were not, at least not in every case, chosen in a formal way from their respective districts. The country was in a state of war at the time, and conventions were not easily constituted. These delegates, however, represented probably as fairly as was possible the authority, the judgment, and the wishes of the Albanian nation. In this Convention, sitting at Avlona, the Albanian Government was organised. I found that outside Scutari, which was in the control of European Powers, practically all of Albania, free from foreign troops, Servian, Greek, &c., was under the control and authority of the provisional Government. To specify:

1. They had organised a police force of several hundred men, mounted and on foot. Many of them were already furnished with Albanian uniforms. These men were in evidence at our first stop outside Scutari, at Alessio, and accompanied us as escorts throughout our journey to Avlona.

2. The Customs duties at Durazzo and Avlona were being collected by this Government with marked success. Maintaining the same rate as Turkey had, they collected in two months at Avlona £T8,000, while the receipts reported under Turkish administration for a whole year were about £T4,000.

3. The post and telegraphs of the country are administered by this Government. Stamps are being issued, and in the meantime Turkish stamps, surcharged with the seal of the Government, were accepted by the International Postal Union, and carried letters to all parts of the world.

4. Local governors, Mutesereifs, Kaimakams, Mudirs, &c., have been appointed throughout Albanian territory, who have organised a local government, which is dealing with offences, transferring titles in the purchase and sale of property, collecting taxes, opening schools, carrying on local improvements, &c. The income from the Government is paying the salaries of its officers and the expense of administration. In the case of one governor, whose administration was not satisfactory, he was dismissed from office and another sent in his place.

As to order. It has been many years, perhaps not in the memory of any living Albanian, since the country (where it is not disturbed by Greek or Servian or Montenegrin intrigue or armed force) has been so free from lawlessness and disorder. Lastly, as to the *personnel* of the Government itself. I had the pleasure of spending some days in intimate contact with these men, and I was deeply impressed with their absolute sincerity and earnestness. There was nothing of the *opera bouffe* about them; they were subjecting themselves to every inconvenience for the sake of the work, turning their salaries back into their departments, sleeping on the floor, four or five in a room,

often preparing their own meals and dipping out of the common dish. Not that they know no better, for without exception the members of the Government are men of culture, who speak foreign languages, have travelled, and seen the world. It was simply the necessities of the case which they met cheerfully. Wherever they were, whatever they were doing, their whole minds and hearts were absorbed in their work and the general welfare of the nation. Under the circumstances, it seems to me that it would have been the courteous thing on the part of the Ambassadors to have raised no question about the Provisional Government, but paid it the deserved tribute of selecting, without hesitation or delay, the head of that Government, Ishmael Kaimal Bey, to be the Albanian representative on the International Commission. Better still, if the Commission takes over the whole Government, as at present constituted, as the nucleus on which to begin their work of permanent organisation of the Albanian State. No act they could do would recommend them more to the Albanian nation. —Yours, &c.,

C. TELFORD ERICKSON.

21, Platt's Lane, Hampstead.

August 11th, 1913.

THE BALKAN ATROCITIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You have lately published an article in which, on the basis of an evidently malicious letter, addressed from Salonica to the journal "L'Humanité," the atrocities committed by the Bulgarians seem to be attributed to the Greeks, or at least are represented as reprisals for the so-called excesses of the Greeks at Salonica. In the former case I consider that discussion would be useless. The horrible things that the Bulgarians have done wherever they have been are attested by Consuls, representatives of the press—especially of the English press—and by Commissions of Inquiry, despatched for the purpose. As regards Serres, I refer you to the reports of the Austrian and Italian Consuls which have been published by the newspapers. Those who pillaged the Austrian Consulate, those who burned it, those who sacked the whole city and completely laid it waste, were, according to those reports, Bulgarians. Even the Bulgarian Foreign Minister, in his communication to the press upon the subject of the destruction of Serres, does not think that it can be attributed to others than the Bulgars. At the most, he hints at the possibility of an accident for the devastation of Serres. For that of Nigrita, Doxat, and other towns, for the massacres of notables everywhere committed by the Bulgars, there have been brought forward clear proofs, the evidence of official and authorised persons, of foreign consular agents, and representatives of the world's press. What has the correspondent of "L'Humanité" to bring forward beyond insinuations made in bad faith? In bad faith, because to be in Salonica and see the conduct of the Greek administration, even at this difficult period, and to say that the Bulgarians have suffered reprisals, is to deny the truth, and to abandon oneself to prejudice. What have the Greeks done at Salonica? A battalion of the Bulgarian Army was quartered in Salonica when Bulgaria suddenly attacked the Greek Army. Was it to be allowed to remain there in the city, perhaps immobilising a comparatively large portion of the Greek Army, and weakening it when it had to meet the enemy outside? The Greek authorities therefore invited the Bulgarian battalion to evacuate the city. The Bulgars, hoping for help from their army, refused to go away, still less were they willing to surrender. Time was given them, on the expiry of which, after all measures had been taken to avoid the slightest accident to the civil population, they were surrounded, and, after fighting, forced to surrender. Of the Bulgars who fought, some were killed, but there were victims among the Greek soldiers also. As for the civil population, not one person was troubled. Such are the facts.

I appeal to the testimony of the correspondents of the "Daily Telegraph," of "Le Temps," of "Il Secolo," of the "Manchester Guardian," and of "Le Journal de Paris," who were free to go about that day. I also defy anyone to prove that Bulgarian soldiers were massacred after surrender. As for the dynamited houses, the correspondent of "L'Humanité" would find it very difficult to mention a single one.

I repeat that among the peaceful population, not one was disturbed. There were indeed some arrests of comitajis, but these arrests were well justified by the discovery in their possession of explosives and infernal machines. The service of public security would have failed in its duty had it left the safety and tranquillity of the inhabitants at the mercy of a few fanatics. On the following day, the Consuls-General addressed their congratulations to the authorities on the activity and tact which they had shown in these difficult moments.

The events of Salonica, then, could not be interpreted as a cause, or even a pretext, for reprisals, all the less as the alleged Bulgarian reprisals, which, in reality, were nameless atrocities, had not waited for the events at Salonica. In fact, one week before, Mr. Price, the correspondent of the "Times," Mr. Donaldson, of Reuter, Mr. Thomas, of "Le Temps," Mr. Tiano, of "Le Journal," Mr. Magrini, of "Il Secolo," Mr. Turbe, of Havas, Mr. Grohmann, of the "Neue Freie Presse" and the "Frankfurter Zeitung," Mr. Bessantchi, of the "Zeit," had addressed to the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme an appeal and a protest against the atrocities committed by the Bulgars. The Ligue des Droits de l'Homme could not, they said, remain indifferent to the excesses of every kind committed by the Bulgars in the regions occupied by them. At first, the European press observed an almost systematic silence on these atrocities. But almost every day there reach us from the Greek and Mussulman populations reports containing the most horrible details as to the treatment which they have undergone. Thousands of refugees who have arrived here only confirm these accounts.

The Bulgarian atrocities could not be reprisals then any more than they are reprisals now, for the Greek military and civil authorities have nothing to reproach themselves with. On the contrary, there will always be found the same unanimity in proclaiming the mildness and benevolence of the Hellenic Administration, which the Mussulmans are the first to praise. After what has been said about it, it is to be hoped that nobody will give credit to the fantastic allegations of the correspondent of "L'Humanité," who is probably a victim of the active propaganda which the Bulgarian officers, when at Salonica, continually carried on among Socialist circles. I request that you will be good enough to publish the foregoing, in order that things may be put in their proper light.—Yours, &c.,

VASSILI DENDRAMIS.

(Director of the Official Press.)

Salonica, August 4th, 1913.

[The correspondent of "L'Humanité" wrote as an eye-witness, saw some of the Greek excesses in Salonica with his own eyes, and declared positively (1) that Bulgar soldiers were slaughtered after surrender; and (2) that the whole Bulgarian civilian population of Salonica, including the women, was arrested, that some were slaughtered, and others expelled. As a resident in the town, speaking its languages, he would see and hear more than foreign correspondents under military discipline. His letter was rather obtrusively impartial, and blamed all the Balkan races for their conduct during the war, and particularly censured the Bulgarians for their behavior to Moslem villagers. The conjecture that the Bulgarian excesses at Serres (which we have not disputed) were a reprisal for Greek excesses at Salonica was ours and not his. The Serres affair occurred more than a week later. In Serres the Bulgars burned part of the town. But English correspondents with the Greek Army have reported its burning of Bulgarian villages. The letters from foreign correspondents, to which M. Dendramis refers, dealt with the earlier Bulgar outrages upon Moslems, which occurred during the first war. Mr. Bouchier, who knows the country and speaks its languages, has spoken of Greek outrages upon Bulgar peasants. No evidence can be final or impartial unless the investigator can personally question witnesses and hear both sides. The wretched Moslems will always give a certificate to any armed force which occupies their villages.—ED., THE NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On your editorial table you have evidence without stint of atrocities committed by the Bulgarian troops while under the immediate command of officers of senior rank; you have also some evidence of cruelties, to say the least,

committed by Servian troops during both the first phase of the Balkan War and also during the latter developments. Your readers, like myself, would like to have some of the details of the massacres and atrocities committed by the Greeks during either the first or the latter phase of this dreadful war. For myself, I do not think that any evidence is in existence which would show that the Greeks, when under any officers of seniority sufficient to control them, as in the case of the Bulgars and the Serbs, have committed any atrocities at all and have not carried out their share of the war with all the consideration that modern civilised nations observe when at war.

If it is not possible to substantiate with good evidence—more than hearsay, or than the reports of either Bulgarian or Servian agents anxious to share with others the obloquy which they well know attaches to such acts as they have committed—is it right to classify Greeks with the others in one common charge of massacre? Let the political aspect of the interposition of the Greeks be what it may, it has nothing to do with the question of barbarous and inhuman conduct, and no matter how we may deprecate the political action of the Greeks—I do not blame them myself—it is wrong to charge them with actions that are not proved. It is not forgotten that their King is a member of our own Royal Family, and he is joined in your general charge as the head of his army. Had you said that massacres had taken place in which certain Greeks who were under no military control had taken part, that would not stigmatise THE NATION; but the manner in which you repeatedly mention the Greeks in connection with massacres, some of which are known to be the work of the Bulgarian soldiers under their officers, leaves it to be understood that the Greek soldiers, also under their officers, massacred helpless people, the one as freely as the other. This in no sense is true, and even the hypothetical suggestion I make of civilian Greeks taking part in such massacres requires some evidence before it may be mentioned in a Liberal newspaper.

I feel sure that you will either give your readers actual irrefutable evidence, or take up quite another attitude in respect of the Greeks in this important matter.—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

Blundellsands, August 10th, 1913.

[No full and impartial investigation has been made of any of these charges. The evidence of atrocities committed by the Greek Army in its northern march has been examined by Mr. Bouchier of the "Times," who questioned the Bulgarian refugees. That is, to our mind, authority as good as the Greeks can advance for their charges. The Greek misdeeds in Albania during the first war were the work of irregulars, and the same thing may be said of most of the Bulgarian excesses. The worst things done on the Bulgarian side in the first war were the work of Armenian volunteers.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE CLERGY AND THE "CAT AND MOUSE ACT."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have been asked by several friends and one or two societies to sign the petition against the "Cat and Mouse Act," and to go as one of the clerical deputation to the Premier, or at least to give it my support. This I have not been able to do, and they don't seem to understand me.

I took part in the funeral service for Miss Davison with a clear conscience. I admired her magnificent courage and devotion. But to set fire to a house and run away seems to me a very different matter. I have no respect for the "rights" of property when they are up against the rights of men and women. I sympathise, I hope, with the burning sense of injustice under which those women suffer who have realised their political inequality and its consequences. I am not surprised that it goads some into acts of violence.

I think that the Government is morally responsible for these outrages; but I cannot seem to approve them, as I told the W.S.P.U. before I took part in the funeral service. Is not the time come for the militant women, who in so much win our admiration, to line up with the larger body of Suffragists and use the vacation to force, by peaceful means,

passive resistance, and political action, the door which stands ajar, ready to yield to a united effort?

I have waited to write this until the deputation was over.—Yours, &c.,
C. E. ESCREET.

(Archdeacon of Lewisham.)

1, Shot Park, Lewisham Hill.
August 9th, 1913.

THE OLD VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have only just seen THE NATION of 2nd inst. It would not, perhaps, be fair under the peculiar circumstances to quarrel with your Virginia correspondent—better known to a former generation of novel readers as Miss Amelie Rives—for writing a lengthy arraignment of a book she has never read on the strength of a single paragraph out of a review. For in that paragraph, by some accident, or, possibly, misunderstanding of a phrase, Mr. Russell has made me say a truly dreadful thing—to wit, that the Virginia upper class were not ladies and gentlemen in the ordinary sense. I shuddered when I read it, though, unfortunately, not till three weeks after publication, so utterly does it controvert both my feelings and my utterances in this and other books. Probably the mistake arose from a sentence describing the better-class Virginians as "gentlemen farmers rather than country gentlemen," which is a mere truism. The latter term signifies to English readers a landlord drawing a money revenue from a group of well-equipped capitalist tenant farmers. The Virginians farmed their one, or occasionally two or three, freehold farms or plantations themselves, with an overseer (*anglice* bailiff), and, of course, slaves as laborers. Their methods were slovenly, and their incomes usually very small. If your correspondent (whose family, or part of it, if I remember rightly, sympathised with the North and were out of Virginia during the war) will take the trouble to read the book, she will find that she has discovered a mare's nest; and that so far from depreciating the social virtues of her country folk of the best class, I have spoken of them more than once as among the most shining examples of true ladies and gentlemen I have ever known. And the more so for the unsophisticated simplicity of life, absence of luxury and wealth, and isolation from the great outer world which distinguished their society before the war, and, of course, for long after it.

It would be absurd to take up your space and my time in discussing a letter largely irrelevant to the matter contained in my book. I have not demolished the cavalier or the "aristocrat," but have endeavored to reduce them in brief to their sane and just proportions. Equipped by a good deal of original work, I have done this at much greater length in one or two more serious books. I also venture to think that an intimate knowledge of England and its conditions, necessary to a just appreciation of its seventeenth-century atmosphere, is quite as important in appraising the nature of the earlier emigration to North America and the West Indies as a knowledge only of the Colonies themselves. This last unavoidable handicap often causes American historians to exaggerate the social importance of the persons and groups who first crossed the seas; while American amateurs, novel-writers, and others, usually treat these matters in a manner highly fanciful; just as they treat Virginia in recent slave times as a land of "baronial halls, magnificent estates," and such-like utter rubbish.

As regards Mr. Russell's lack of acquaintance with my grandfather's name and works, I may take the opportunity here, since others of his descendants, themselves not unknown in the world, are equally astonished, merely to express my surprise, as throughout all my life and at all points of the compass, when touching an evangelical atmosphere, I have been constantly confronted with his name. The suggestion that he may have been a Broad Churchman is truly terrible! The late Mr. Macmillan, the publisher, once told my father that he believed Charles Bradley's sermons had enjoyed the second largest circulation of sermons known to the trade. I might add, what I overlooked in my book, that St. James's, Clapham, was built especially for him by his future congregation while he was still in residence at Glasbury.

Here is a trifling but singularly opportune testimony to the popularity of the sermons, as well as a good story.

Since the appearance of Mr. Russell's review of "Other Days," while spending an afternoon with Archdeacon Thomas (Montgomery), the well-known and venerable Welsh antiquarian, I happened to ask him if in youth he had ever met my grandfather. On hearing of the relationship, he laughed and said at once, "I can tell you a good story about that." The exigencies of space must spoil it here. But, briefly, it ran thus. While a young curate at Bangor (I think), under a Church dignitary, he was dispatched to serve an outlying parish for a month. The Canon told him that he must preach his own sermon at least once a week; but as to the second service, he should rather prefer him to use the four sermons which he would find marked in a volume he proceeded to place in his hand—which proved to be one of my grandfather's. After the first delivery of one of these (translated, of course, into Welsh), a Churchwarden or other notable accosted the preacher at the church door in this fashion: "Young man, this will never do, I have heard that sermon too many times, both here and in the Wesleyan Chapel." When Mr. Thomas got back to headquarters, he told a fellow curate of the embarrassing incident. "Why," said the other, "that is exactly what happened to me at (some other place) when preaching one of Bradley's sermons."—Yours, &c.,

A. G. BRADLEY.

Llangurig, August 11th, 1913.

POLITICAL PRISONERS IN PORTUGAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We were told at the beginning of the campaign against the Portuguese Government that the courts-martial were packed so as to ensure conviction in every case. As numbers have been acquitted, that contention has necessarily been abandoned. In spite of this experience, Miss Tenison commits herself to a charge equally extravagant when she speaks of "all dissenters" being imprisoned, and affirms that Father Avelino de Figueiredo was sentenced "because he is a Catholic, and Catholicism is repugnant to Affonso Costa." Now, the Catholic Church is undoubtedly not very prosperous in Portugal at present, but it still boasts many adherents and a numerous clergy. Does Miss Tenison suggest, as her words seem to imply, that all Catholics have been imprisoned or all priests sentenced? When I visited the Penitenciaría there were just two priests among the political prisoners. Or does she mean—and, I take it, that is her meaning—that the prejudice against priests is so strong that when one of them is charged with a political offence he is sure to be condemned, however slight the evidence against him? Happily, the proceedings before the courts disprove this. In April last, six prisoners were tried in the case known as the Arroios conspiracy. One of them was a priest, but he alone of the six was acquitted; so untrue is it that a priest was unable to obtain justice. It would have been as reasonable for an extreme republican to charge Dr. Affonso Costa with specially protecting priests because Father Lobo was acquitted, as to charge him with "tyranny" because another priest was convicted. I may add that the officers composing the juries are chosen by lot, and not by the Government. Miss Tenison quotes Senhor A. T. d'Almeida as saying that it would have been more humane to shoot Dom João d'Almeida than to send him to the Penitenciaría. In almost any other country than Portugal he certainly would have been shot, having been taken in arms as a rebel. Even when the words were spoken, the only special hardship in the Penitenciaría was the rigid isolation—an isolation found in many other Continental prisons. This has been relieved by the present Government, and now the superiority of the Penitenciaría to our prisons is very marked. How Michael Davitt and the other political prisoners who have been in our convict prisons would have appreciated a system under which good conduct prisoners could have a visit every week, could be supplied with their meals from outside, could receive presents of fruit, flowers, and tobacco, and could spend a portion of their earnings in providing themselves with such luxuries!

One example of curious logic may be noted. Because among the few priests tried some have been convicted, they were convicted because they were priests, and therefore the prisons in which they are confined cannot be accurately described as "similar" to convict prisons in this country.

The real dissimilarity lies in the greater privileges extended to prisoners in Portugal.

Even at the risk of making this letter very long, I should like to describe—for the benefit of those who do not follow Portuguese politics—the position of two republicans whom Miss Tenison continually quotes. Senhor Antonio José d'Almeida is the leader of the Evolucionistas, the party in the Parliament most opposed to that of Senhor Affonso Costa. His opinions on the Prime Minister are therefore just as impartial as those of a leader of our Opposition on Mr. Lloyd George; or, to take a still closer parallel, as those of Mr. Chamberlain on Mr. Gladstone during the Home Rule controversy. Senhor Machado dos Santos is a young man who showed courage and resolution at the time of the revolution; but those qualities do not constitute statesmanship. His want of balance may be seen from the very words quoted by Miss Tenison, since he professes to believe that the presence of one political prisoner in the Penitenciaria is sufficient reason for plunging his country into all the horrors of rebellion.—Yours, &c.,

August 12th, 1913.

S. H. SWINNY.

THE LIBERAL WOMEN'S SUFFRAGIST UNION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mrs. Acland propounds a curious test for the purpose of enabling her fellow-women to determine whether they are to help a candidature or not. They are to ask themselves a question, and to work for the candidate if they can think of an answer that they like. I venture to suggest another test: If a woman desires the success of the principles held by the candidate and the measures supported by him, let her help his candidature. In considering a candidate, the question is not, What does he think of me? but, What do I think of him? With the greatest respect for Mr. Acland, I do not think a test which would compel a woman to support him and withhold support from Mr. Asquith very satisfactory.—Yours, &c.,

CHAIRMAN OF A LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.

August 11th, 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I suppose it must be conceded that the average candidate is glad of the services of women in his election even though he does not agree with "Votes for Women," but there are many who would, if it did not seem ungracious, decline the services of canvassers altogether, and especially of those men and women whose zeal outruns their knowledge and discretion.

But Mrs. Acland's question is surely not quite the poser she imagines. Many women, while desiring and qualified for the vote themselves, may work for an Anti-Suffragist candidate with the knowledge that the majority of their sex are either not so desirous or so qualified, and that until they are the vote cannot be given. And is it not conceivable that there are still women who place the general interest of Liberal principles before the claims of Woman Suffrage only?

Mrs. Acland and those who are unfortunate enough to be led by her in this matter do not propose to adopt the nearer duty of educating and organising their own sex—clearly a precedent to a demand on the other sex. Such a task might prove laborious, while it is easy to sow dissension in every Liberal Association in the country. Their policy, sure to provoke reprisals, can have no other effect than to weaken the chances of every Liberal candidate.

I am afraid Mrs. Acland is only furnishing another illustration for those who say that woman's want of political breadth, and of appreciation of the part honorable compromise must play in public life, is one of the chief arguments against votes for women.

One other observation may be permitted. It is well known that Mr. F. D. Acland is a strong supporter of his wife's views. Would not their object be achieved better by some test such as he himself could supply? Could not he resign his position as a Minister as a protest against the inactivity of his own Government in a cause he has let it be known he has most at heart, and at the first opportunity contest a seat with a Liberal Anti-Suffragist?—Yours, &c.,

F. W. RAFFETY.

2, Garden Court, Temple, London, E.C.,
August 12th, 1913.

THE TEA-DRINKING HABIT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of August 2nd, Mr. Mennelly evades the whole point of my letter, and misquotes or misparaphrases an expression of opinion which I expressed some weeks ago. He also accuses me of beginning the correspondence, whereas I refer in my letter to two previous letters. Accuracy is always useful.

Mr. Mennelly says I state that "tea-drinking is worse than alcohol." What a loose phrase! I suppose he means alcohol-drinking; one cannot compare an action with a substance. What I did say was "I consider tea a more prolific source of ill than alcohol." I gave my reasons, Mr. Mennelly does not attempt to refute them. However, he supports the contention that tea is drunk to excess, which contention I only supported. But why does not one who apparently has special knowledge of what tea is drunk in various parts of the country give the benefit of his special knowledge to your readers to a fuller extent?

Whoever said that the act of the drunkard (whether in tea or anything else) condemned the whole class who only indulged in moderation? "The misuse of an article is no argument against its proper use." This is a doctrine one has long been trying to get teetotalers to understand. The whole question resolves itself into the fact that any strong poison is bad when taken often, it makes no difference whether it be alcohol, tea, opium, or anything else.—Yours, &c.,

M. D.

August 6th, 1913.

THE WASTE OF PARLIAMENTARY TIME.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Why should the two minutes to which "L. H." refers be wasted on every division? Is there any reason in the nature of things why Members who challenge a division should have to occupy time in finding tellers? Why should not four of the clerks of the House act as tellers in all divisions? They would be impartial, and they could commence the business of checking and counting the votes immediately.—Yours, &c.,

E. A. C.

August 6th, 1913.

Poetry.

BULGARIA: 1913.

THE women harrow the ground, and the children scatter the grain.

They pause by the gate, and look down the winding road in vain

For those who went away, and will not return again—
Dead-trodden into earth, and their bones washed out by the rain.

The children are tying the sheaves, the women winnow the ear,

The children are plucking the grapes, the women yoking the steer,

Doing men's tasks, and thinking men's thoughts, with no time for a tear.

They have watched by the gate in vain, and they fight a battle alone.

Keeping the desert at bay, they wait till the children are grown.

The seasons betray not, as nations betray—the fruits once garnered, are won.

Yet, O hills by the city and woods by the sea, were they not enough that died,

Sons of our bodies, our brothers, our lovers, our pride?
Do ye remember as we remember, though we boasted not, nor cried?

We keep the desert at bay; and wait till the children are grown.

LUCY MASTERMAN.

Reviews.

THE MEASURES OF PROGRESS.

"The Living Past: A Sketch of Western Progress." By F. S. MARVIN. (Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS fine little book is not a universal history. It is a study of progress as "a transformation of the persistent past," an attempt to trace step by step the triumphant life-history of mankind. It reminds one of Condorcet's "Esquisse du Progrès de l'Esprit Humain," and of certain lost works of the fourth and third centuries B.C., a "Life of Hellas" and a "Life of Mankind." But on Mr. Marvin's own principle it is interesting to see the enormous transformation that has taken place. The Greek books duly neglected wars and conquests, and treated universal history as a series of inventions, canonising the inventors as benefactors of the human race. But they seem to have had little organic cohesion. And Condorcet's sketch, written in hiding between two walls during the Terror, was a great deed rather than a very good book, though it can still hold a reader by its generosity and fire, as well as the extraordinary interest of its subject. Mr. Marvin has, of course, far more knowledge at his disposal than Condorcet could have. He has behind him the immense works of reference produced by the last hundred years, as well as the deepening of insight due to the nineteenth-century poets and philosophers; he has also the discovery of evolution and the historical method, and his own varied experience of practical education.

He starts unflinchingly with palæolithic man, and he goes on well beyond the Balkan War of 1913. Between these poles we have the early river empires; Greece—a long and admirable chapter; Rome; the Middle Ages; the Renaissance and the Rise of Modern Science—both vividly interesting; and so on to the Industrial Revolution and the aspirations of the present day. It is always well for a book on progress to start with Palæolithic Man; for, if we may believe what his friends say of him, he is the greatest of all posers to the ordinary meliorist. He lasted countless thousands of years, at the lowest, a good deal more than half the life of mankind, and then he was ruthlessly swept away. He was a really fine artist. He was very brave and hardy: with a fire, but no dogs or horses and almost nothing worth calling a weapon, he contended successfully against mammoths and giant bears whom we should hesitate to meet with a repeating rifle; and he endured glacial periods which would kill us right off. Some of his admirers even say he was a rather good theologian, and possessed a magnificent brain and physique. And in the end there came a glacial period which was just too much for him. Either the best races died and the worse survived, or they were all beaten down and debased. At any rate, some great achievements of humanity were simply swept away and destroyed for ever. And then, practically speaking, man began again—a poorer creature, but with improved tools. My own faith in progress is not staggered by this tragedy. One expects man to play his game better and better with whatever pieces Fate provides; one does not expect him necessarily to win his game if the act of God or the King's enemies decree otherwise. Let us hope that palæolithic man fought as well against the conquering ice as he did against the flying mammoths.

Mr. Marvin's treatment is always thoughtful, always fair-minded, and never dull. But a subject like his cannot but provoke question, and on almost every second page a reader finds himself dissenting, doubting, and then, as a rule, agreeing that the author is right after all. To take one fundamental question, Mr. Marvin, on the whole, measures progress by tools or by scientific discovery. He does not, of course, "assert that a mathematical lemma is in itself more valuable than a play of Euripides." And he always mentions the advances in art, or ethical feeling, or political practice. Yet I doubt if he fully avoids the danger of measuring the whole of human progress by means of the one element which happens to be easiest to measure. In scientific discovery it is easy to see that each step is based on a previous step; every new result is a correction or an advance. Now, of course, we do not for a moment deny the enormous importance of scientific discovery. We fully agree with Mr. Marvin that the real importance of the years

1665 and 1666 lies, not in the Plague and the Fire of London, "two purely local accidents," but in "two of the most profound and far-reaching events in the history of the world, the invention of the infinitesimal calculus and the law of gravitation." Even if we doubted before, we might well be convinced by Mr. Marvin's brilliant sketch of the rise of mathematical physics, its results in other sciences, and the final union—in a happy phrase—of *Homo Sapiens* with *Homo Faber*, the Philosopher and the Smith, in the present age of amazing invention and constantly increasing power.

Yet there are other factors, and factors of enormous value, that seem to be left out of the reckoning. If one tries to choose out in history the societies or groups in which humanity seems to have reached its highest level, hardly anyone would pay much attention to tools or scientific knowledge. Humanity probably reached a very high level indeed in the circles of Pericles and of St. Paul; yet the arms of the first and the tent-making tools of the second would give no inkling of it. There is always, deep below the obviously progressive activities of man, a large region not to be measured in terms of progress: the region in which St. Francis or Isaiah, with all their ignorances, injustices, and follies, is superior to an average Charity Commissioner or Unitarian minister.

I suppose Mr. Marvin would answer that, in the first place, the positive advance counts for something; it tends to set imagination free, and to make conduct easier. But what is even more important than the point reached is the fact of progress. Man is at his best when he is working hard and successfully. Measure the rate at which he makes his measurable advances, and you have probably, in most cases, some sort of rough clue to the rate of his inward progress. One would only need to remember that all the advances will probably not show at the same time.

A better comparison than those taken above would be to compare Roger Bacon (supposing for the moment that he did invent spectacles) with an average assistant at Currie and Paxton's. The modern optician would know practically all that Bacon knew, he would know an immense lot besides, and he would have all his optical knowledge far better and more clearly organised. Yet Bacon would be the greater man. Out of the material given him he made more; some vitality of intellect in him was working at higher power. Humanity was accomplishing its purpose more triumphantly. The thing that is of permanent value to us in Bacon is not his positive discovery, but the vitality and the temper of mind which produced it.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Marvin takes a crudely material or mechanical view of progress. On the contrary, he seems to me more than fair to the Middle Ages, a period which, on scientific grounds, has less than nothing to say for itself. He marshals his arguments ably: the Gothic churches, the crusades, the friars, the scholastic philosophy; above all, the unity of religion and discipline forced on the minds of Europe by a Church which insisted on being universal. He begs us not to think too much of dirt and hell and plague-spots. All the same, if one who has no special knowledge may speak, the Middle Age seems to me to have, for good as well as for evil, the marks of a time of decadence and failure. It looks backward; it loses more knowledge than it acquires; it ceases to understand the meaning of the words it uses and the stories it repeats. Mr. Marvin well compares the old maps of Ptolemy or Hipparchus with the Middle Age maps, such as that in Hereford Cathedral. The former are based on observation and calculation and with a good many corrections would be actually right; the latter are merely helpless, "all the places and people whom the author happened to have heard of, circling round Jerusalem." The same lesson can often be drawn from a comparison of the original text of Aristotle, the frequently unintelligent Arabic version, and the muddle made of the Arabic by a medieval writer. But a greater mark of decadence, and a more amiable one, is the flood of mixed idealism and hypocrisy which mingles with the barbarism of the Middle Ages. They seem to realise—very justly—that their world is a horrible and filthy place, and the men in it generally wicked. They have not much hope of making it better; all they can hope is to save their own souls. The result is that their standard of morals is not a practical one, meant for this earth; it is—apart from certain incom-

petent or atrocious details—a desperately high one, meant for heaven. No wonder the sagacious Mangu Cham, Emperor of the Tartars, complained to the envoy of St. Louis: "You Christians have a law from God through your prophets, and you do not do it." The standard of conduct was so far below the standard of teaching inherited from early Christian times, that the one hardly interfered with the other. And Dante could not only use the Divine Love to move the stars—a sublime thought, derived from the Platonists; he could also definitely say that the Divine Love ("La somma Sapienza e il primo Amore") created Hell—and the sort of Hell that he described! Men who think they love wisdom, but are hopelessly muddle-headed; who think they love chastity and mercy, but happen to have the passions of wild boars and a trick of tearing out prisoners' eyes with their fingers: such people are led into a curious mixture of psychological states. First, they cease to attach any clear meaning to the words they use. You can see that in any medieval attempt to describe a character; there are terms of abuse and terms of praise, and you apply whichever set you choose, irrespective of all observation. Secondly, they become habitually hypocritical; any man must whose professions are in the language of a religion so vastly removed from his practice. Thirdly, when, in spite of all obtuseness and hypocrisy, they get some glimpse of the true facts of their lives, there comes a shock which may result in conversion, repentance, saintliness, idealism, and the great spiritual effort of men in evil times to get back to the religion of their better days.

These are but by-issues in Mr. Marvin's main theme, and scarcely amount to criticisms of his statement. So far as they do, he could probably rebut them; for he certainly has thought long and ably on each of the points raised. Indeed, the fairness and the sense of proportion shown in the whole book are very remarkable. No doubt Mr. Marvin, as a human being, has his own prepossessions and prejudices; but it would be hard to discover them from these pages. At the most one may sometimes suspect a rather excessive fairness towards the side that is not his own. Yet, with all its balance, the book is full of bold suggestions. For instance, after discussing in Chapter II. the invention of language and its profound effect on thought and on social feeling, he proceeds in Chapter VII. to suggest that an invention almost equally tremendous and "in its essence near akin" has occurred in modern times in the discovery—or fuller development?—of "the scientific method." "Science," we hear again, "is man's true universal language." Well, I wonder. At any rate it is a man of letters who says so.

G. M.

AN HONEST MAN.

"An Irish Gentleman: George Henry Moore." By Col. MAURICE GEORGE MOORE, C.B. With a Preface by GEORGE MOORE. (Werner Laurie. 16s. net.)

WHO reads Bolingbroke? Who knows anything about George Henry Moore? Yet Bolingbroke has his place in English history, and George Henry Moore stood in the foremost rank of Irish politicians sixty years ago. He was not what is called a born politician. He began life as a sportsman—not a bad introduction, by the way, to Irish politics, or, for that matter, to English politics either. We all know the story of the English Prime Minister on whom a friend called during a great political crisis, and found him absorbed—in the question of the Derby. Colonel Moore relates an anecdote of his father which is characteristic of the man and of the nation:—

"Moore incurred great unpopularity [at the Mayo election in 1846] by his refusal to put on the Repeal badge. So violent was the popular feeling that when he appeared at the Ballyglass races he was attacked by the mob, and Mr. Dominic Browne, of Breaghwy, related to me how he and some of his friends and some priests attempted to defend him. There were great crowds of people, some of whom pursued him, and some lined the walls, making escape doubtful, but he faced his horse at a very high wall, and cleared it, amid popular acclamation, and so suddenly became the hero of the moment."

Moore's father was a man of literary tastes. Moore was a man of action; and action in his case turned, in the first instance, in the direction of hunting and racing. Maria

Edgeworth, a friend of the family, sympathised with the father. She wrote:—

"The account you give of your son's being so carried out of the course of science and literature by the horse fever I would deplore but that I am convinced it will soon come to a crisis with such men, and that it is a disease which they will have but once in their lives. They will be quit for a few hundred pounds thrown away upon jockeys, and I hope without broken bones. They will soon find that this is all that can be got in that neck-or-nothing galloping and leaping for fame; but even that devil-care kind of riding is not in the list of what English gentlemen do not do. I wish them well through it, and well married, all in good time."

Moore's brother, Augustus, was also a sporting man and a dare-devil rider. Colonel Moore tells the following curious anecdote relating to his death caused by a fall from his horse at the Hooton Park races:—

"At this time George Moore was at Moore Hall, and, on the afternoon of the 7th March, he was walking down the avenue with his cousin, Dominic Browne, of Breaghwy; the latter said: 'Hullo, I thought Augustus was at Liverpool! When did he return?' They both saw the well-known figure, and, in astonishment, went forward to meet him at the gate; but as they advanced he seemed to be moving away, and passed behind the trees, and when they arrived he was not to be seen. They looked at each other, amazed, but were too startled to speak. Some days after came the news of the accident."

George hastened to Liverpool, only to find his brother dying. On the death of Augustus, Maria Edgeworth wrote to Mrs. Moore:—

"In truth, I do pity George; we know how fond they were of each other; but I have no doubt that such a great shock, instead of being permanently weakening, as sorrow sometimes is to the mind, will be serviceable and strengthening and consolidating to his character. He will turn more to quiet literary pursuits, and he will feel in them, along with resource against sorrow, something congenial to his hereditary nature, and pleasing and comforting to his mother. His higher nature, his superior tastes and abilities will come out. You will pardon me for this prophecy. I am an old woman."

John Blake Dillon said that a Connaught landlord had no country. George Henry Moore was certainly an exception to that rule. He entered political life at the age of thirty-seven, and thenceforth devoted himself unselfishly to the cause of his country and the well-being of her people. In 1846, a vacancy occurred in the Parliamentary representation of Mayo—his native county—and he stood as an independent candidate. The landlords supported him. He was opposed by a Repealer and beaten. Colonel Moore's brief account of the election is interesting as illustrating the style in which the landlords of those days tried to manage their tenants.

"The polling lasted for a week. Lord Sligo, Lord Dillon, Lord Lucan, Sir Roger Palmer, Lord Orammore, and all the great lords of the soil, marched their tenants under guards of soldiers to the polling booths. They kept them locked up in barns and coach-houses the night before, for fear they might escape or be carried away to the mountains by the popular party. The scenes along the roads were terrific, and some people were killed."

Colonel Moore adds, *à propos* of the "humors" of elections in those days:—

"Bernal Osborne once amused the House of Commons with an account of his adventures at a Waterford election. After telling how he fled down the street and took refuge in his hotel, he described how the house was besieged by an angry mob, and how he was obliged to escape through a window, over a roof, and to hide in a cistern. Then, turning to the Speaker, he said, 'and remember, Mr. Speaker, I was the popular candidate.'"

At the General Election of 1847, Moore again came forward as an independent candidate for his native county. He was opposed by three official Repealers. But local popularity told in his favor. Besides the support of the landlords, he now obtained the votes of many Repealers, because he was a good landlord and a good Nationalist, albeit he did not belong to the Repeal movement—and, as he would have said himself, he won in a canter. Independence was the dominant note of Moore's character, and he entered the English Parliament the very embodiment of Independent Opposition. He trusted neither Whig nor Tory, had perhaps slight faith in Parliamentary action of any kind, and certainly believed that the Irish people could only win justice by strengthening the forces of popular agitation out of Parliament. Gavan Duffy has told us the story of the genesis of the idea of Independent Opposition:—

"Independent opposition was formulated by the Young Irelanders, in contrast to the place-begging policy defended in

Conciliation Hall, and was propounded anew in 1847. . . . A few years later George Henry Moore made a gallant attempt to induce the Irish party who opposed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill to accept the same cardinal doctrine, but they had other ends in view, and it was adopted as a governing principle for the first time by the Tenant League members of 1852."

But it was a dreary time, those years spent by George Henry Moore in Parliament. In 1847, Ireland was prostrated by famine. In the same year O'Connell died. In 1848, the Young Ireland Movement was crushed. The tyranny of the landlords was ruthlessly enforced. Evictions desolated the land. In 1849, Duffy revived the nation and raised the cry of Tenant Right. Subsequently, the Tenant League—the league of North and South—was formed. In 1852, the Irish Parliamentary Party of independent opposition came into being; and strenuous efforts were made in Parliament and out of Parliament to carry those agrarian reforms which have since become law; but all in vain. The story of the Tenant League, of the party of Independent Opposition, and of the "Brass Band" has already been told by A. M. Sullivan in "New Ireland," and by Gavan Duffy in the "League of North and South"; and Colonel Moore does well in restricting his narrative to the part—the distinguished part—taken by his father in these transactions. He also does well in emphasising the fact that George Henry Moore had worked out the idea of Independent Opposition for himself—a fact which Gavan Duffy acknowledges, though it is not generally known. The party of Independent Opposition was the strongest party sent by Ireland to the English Parliament since the Union. But it failed to place any measure of land reform on the Statute Book. It went to pieces in a few years. In 1855, Gavan Duffy left Ireland in despair. In the same year Lucas died, and at the General Election of 1857 George Henry Moore lost his seat in Parliament. He did not again enter the House of Commons until 1868. Between 1860 and 1870 the Irish Parliamentary Party was contemptible. Constitutional agitation had, indeed, for the time being, come to an end. Ireland had fallen into a state of lethargy from which she was roused by the Fenian organisation. Colonel Moore says:—

"In spite of what ought to have been the evident hopelessness of the Fenian movement, no conspiracy has ever entered into the hearts of the people more thoroughly and sincerely than Fenianism."

Quite true. But how did Fenianism spring up? In or about 1858 a Young Irelander, James Stephens, who was nearly killed by a policeman's bullet at Ballingarry in 1848, visited every county in Ireland. He found the people, despite the sufferings they had passed through, ready to renew the struggle with the British Government, but having little hope in Parliamentary agitation. James Stephens also visited America, and the upshot of his investigations was the formation of the Fenian Society. Moore had about the same period projected a scheme for the establishment of Irish Volunteers; but he did not press its adoption. In fact, the attitude which he now took up was one of watchfulness, and readiness to help the National cause in any way he could, but he was careful at the same time not to take any step which might lead to the creation of rival political parties or factions. As Fenianism grew in strength, it met with opposition from Constitutional agitators and from the bishops, but Moore would take no part in this opposition, and declined to attend public meetings where he expected that Fenianism might be denounced. Parliamentarianism he no doubt thought had had a fair trial, and it had proved a deplorable failure. He would not stand in the way of those who thought that other methods might now be adopted.

George Henry Moore was, we fancy, always only a half-hearted Parliamentarian, though he possessed Parliamentary gifts, was an admirable speaker and letter-writer, with a caustic wit and incisive humor. Still at his best he was always a man of action; and we are not surprised to learn from Colonel Moore that he ultimately joined the Fenian Society. It was characteristic of George Henry Moore that he should have refused the office—shall we say the bribe?—of the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, as he did, in 1852, and that he should have risked everything in joining a forlorn hope bent, at all events, on rousing the people to renewed efforts on behalf of their country. In 1855, the Fenian State trials began, and in 1857 there was

an attempt at a rising, and then there were executions and penal servitude, and the rigor of the law.

Moore said in a famous phrase, speaking of the Government of Ireland by England:—

"Her sceptre has been the sword, her diadem the black cap, and her throne the gallows."

Soon there was a demand for amnesty, and constitutionalists and revolutionists joined in an agitation to obtain it. In fact, all other questions for the moment sank into insignificance compared with the cry which was raised for the release of the Fenian prisoners. Moore flung himself, heart and soul, into this amnesty movement. In October, 1869, there was a great amnesty meeting at Cabra, near Dublin. Moore wrote to his wife:—

"Over 250,000 people were present. For myself, I am quite bewildered. Nothing could apparently exceed my popularity. Immense crowds followed or rather accompanied me all the way back to Dublin, cheering me all the way. Everyone was respectably dressed, and all wore green cockades and ribbons. It was a most magnificent demonstration."

Moore lived to see one great measure of reform, for which he and his Parliamentary colleagues had struggled in vain, placed on the Statute Book by the force of Fenianism—the Church Act of 1869. On March 14th, 1870, Mr. Gladstone's Land Act, embodying the principles advocated by the Tenant League and the party of Independent Opposition, was read a second time. On March 18th, Mr. Gladstone agreed to Moore's proposal for a public inquiry into the treatment of political prisoners. Moore's last act in Parliament was to give notice that he would on May 3rd, 1870, "call attention to the state of Ireland, under the Government which the Union had established, and move a resolution thereon." But he never moved that motion. On April 19th, suddenly stricken by fatal illness, he passed away, mourned by friends, respected by foes, and beloved of the people.

MR. NEWBOLT'S POETRY.

"Poems, Old and New." By HENRY NEWBOLT. (Murray. 5s. net.)

MR. NEWBOLT, of course, still has half his work to do; but this collection of his hitherto published poetry may well be the occasion for a first reckoning of his place in his generation. A well-known poet said the other day, referring to the rather contemptuous dismissal by one of his contemporaries of Gray's "Elegy" as being "mediocre," "it is futile to speak so of a poem like the 'Elegy'; whether you like it or not, there it is and there it will stay." The "Elegy" will stay undoubtedly, and fortunately; but the remark seems to be peculiarly applicable to a few of Mr. Newbolt's poems. His reputation was made by work such as "Drake's Drum," and although criticism in its more detached moods might bring rather difficult charges against "Drake's Drum," the poem is likely to survive the worst. Mr. Newbolt is equipped with most of the qualities that go to the making of a poet. He has an eagerness for life, pity, delight in clean lines and rich color, a good, ringing, if not very subtle, musical sense, and an instinct for words. He has, moreover, labored very loyally in his vocation. Whenever he has failed it has not been because he treated his art lightly. But there has been a singular circumstance in the operation of his poetic energy; one that asserts itself very clearly on a re-reading of his work in this new form. It generally happens that a poet's faculties are in some not quite definable way interdependent; the mood liberates the technical cunning, the vision sharpens the sense of word-values, the emotion makes its music. But only on a few occasions have all Mr. Newbolt's faculties been in their most efficient working order at the same moment, and of those occasions have come poems like "Drake's Drum," "Messmates," and "Amore Altiero," and perhaps half-a-dozen others. There are many things which prevent these poems from being set among the highest; but the only important consideration is whether they achieve their aim strictly in terms of poetry; and we gladly assert that they do this, almost flawlessly. There they are, and there they will stay; and even if Mr. Newbolt writes no line more, they will secure for him some

record in his art. But in the rest of his poetry we are continually finding a lack of correspondence between the faculties that we expect to be working in unconscious but certain harmony. At one time we have the technical faculty in full exercise with what must surely be a twist in the line of sight—e.g.,

PEACE (1902).

No more to watch by Night's eternal shore,
With England's chivalry at dawn to ride;
No more defeat, faith, victory—O! no more
A cause on earth for which we might have died.

That is excellently wrought. If we consider for a moment, we must find that it is amazingly wrought, for such ripeness of expression comes normally only of the highest imaginative sincerity; and are we to suppose that Mr. Newbolt really means what he says? It is inconceivable that a poet who has done much to honor patriotism in his time by purging it of noisy bravado should, at the rarest of all moments—the moment of poetic perception—commit himself to a lament that the most bloodthirsty Jingoism might envy. The interesting thing is that he should have said so well, so clearly in terms of poetry, what we cannot but suggest he felt so faintly. Many versifiers might have twisted themselves into that mental attitude; we know of no other poet who could have done so and still have retained one of his considerable poetic faculties unimpaired. And, on the other hand, many good passages are spoiled, or at least blemished, by a momentary insensibility to word-values, as in

Caught in a copse without defence,
Low we crouched to the rain-squall dense:
Sure, if misery man can vex,
There it beat on our bended necks. . . .

or to sound, when we get such cacophonies as "stir the air," "shame of day," "shine to-night," "strength have spent," "music knew." And how can so scholarly a poet as Mr. Newbolt, remembering "The Garden of Proserpine," have allowed such a stanza as this to be republished under his name?—

But the third matched in beauty
The dawn that flushed afar;
"O sons of England, Duty
Is England's morning star:
Then Fame's eternal splendor
Be theirs who will defend her,
And theirs who fain would bend her,
The night of Trafalgar!"

It would seem that Mr. Newbolt, more than any poet now writing, must wait upon a fortunate conjunction of his stars if he is to do himself justice. When he does this, he writes not greatly, but with as much gracious precision as anyone, achieving a purity of style and a cleanliness of vision that surely make for permanence. In his later work especially there is a mellow charity that promises much for the things to come, and, if circumstance is kind, poetry has yet much to expect from him.

ACROSS THE WEALD.

"The Stane Street." By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. BELLOC knows as much as anyone in England about Roman roads in Europe, and he is determined to know it in his own way. The dons must not be permitted to know anything, and when there is any chance of choice at all, Mr. Belloc elects to be "agin the Government." Possibly, his aggressive contempt for the "hypothetical and North German school of history" does not vitiate his work. In fact, we find him, after dismissing "the vulgar conception that the arts and sciences enjoy a definite progress" with "the contempt it deserves," quite comfortably assuming that the Romans were without the equivalent of all the instruments of survey that we possess. He may be right, yet the assumption rests somewhat heavily on the "vulgar conception" that he has just contemptuously dismissed.

We hasten to say that Mr. Belloc has made of the Stane Street a very fascinating study. It is the most Roman of all the Roman roads, according to the most usual conception

of Roman character and workmanship. The Romans were a straight people. In jurisprudence, for example, they would never have assented to such a mongrel conception as "political crime," nor could their judges have delivered the Taff Vale judgment. And in road-making they did not like the axiom that the shortest cut is often the longest way round. For some very good reason they would deviate a little, with the eye impatiently fixed all the while on the cardinal point to which they would get straight as soon as possible. Most of their thoroughfares in Britain led them astray rather often, or, rather, they had more than one purpose, as in the way from Porchester to London that ran round by Winchester, Silchester, and Staines. But the military road from Chichester had the single object of getting there as quickly as possible, and the Roman idea of the straight line is there carried out with great ingenuity. With equal ingenuity Mr. Belloc comments upon the work.

The straight line from Chichester to London Bridge is fifty-five miles three furlongs. The contour sketch shows what a frightful switchback it would have involved by comparison with the actual route taken, which is only a mile and a half longer. With no more departure than that from the straight line that Nature consistently abhors, the Romans threaded the zig-zag obstructions of the Downs and the Weald, avoided the steepest slopes up or down, carried the rivers at their best crossings, and cut the journey into day-lengths at convenient halting-places in long stretches of waterless country. Everything depended on the first start as far as the Chichester end is concerned. The heights of Goodwood and East Lavington, and the two steep descents between and beyond, were exchanged for a far more pleasant way. Thence the line to London runs over Box Hill, and the work of the modern topographer is to show how and why the road swerves so as to take in Dorking, and also what became of it after it reached Ashted. No relic of the road thence to London remains, and there is the Croydon Road not far off ready to receive it. Mr. Belloc is, however, determined that Stane Street runs on as pointed from Juniper Wood in an exact alignment pointing to London Bridge. He marshals his evidence for the last portion of the road with great force, and it makes a very interesting and, we think, convincing case.

Mr. Belloc is less convincing in his main thesis, of three distinct alignments between Pulborough and London, and the methods by which they were marked out. The middle line, evidently aimed to secure a *mansio* at Dorking and avoid Box Hill, is less than seven miles long. Mr. Belloc calls it "the most tricky part of the road." When it had been mapped out between points not visible one from the other, the road would not keep the line, bending now west, now so far east as to have come west again, and at last missing the terminal mark. Whether this middle link was mapped out or no, Dorking had to be reached and the Mole crossed at a probably pre-determined spot, and the facts seem just as much in accordance with a single line, subject to this single deviation, between Pulborough and London, as with the rather complicated series of "sights" elaborated in this book. Why may not Box Hill have been the point aimed at from London and from Pulborough, and when it was approached from either side, the same principle observed as, according to Mr. Belloc, was observed at Pulborough? "The alignment, Leith Hill to Borough Hill, was kept up exactly" until it reached a point close enough to Pulborough to permit a new short sight being taken, "which would lead the road directly to Pulborough Bridge."

However the argument may be accepted in detail by the reader, the book is certain to be keenly enjoyed. Stane Street is made to live again by the way in which Mr. Belloc has mapped out each day's march, describing the advantages of the halting-places, and proving those now seen and those lost to have been inevitable. In one of his most explosive chapters, Mr. Belloc attempts to fix the age of Stane Street. As he justly observes, it cannot have been one of the first roads built by the Romans, but belongs to a time when their rule was well established. It was in use up to the Battle of Ockley in 851, and, with a storm of wrath at the "modern pedantry" that would move Ockley away from Stane Street, and put it by Basingstoke, he makes the case very strong for Ockley on Stane Street being the place where the heathen host suffered their greatest slaughter. So we leave Mr. Belloc in a fury as we found him, and find, indeed, that this is great work that he has done

GUILD AND TRADE UNION.

"The Spirit of Association: Being some Account of the Guilds, Friendly Societies, Co-operative Movement, and Trade Unions of Great Britain." By M. FOTHERGILL ROBINSON. (Murray. 6s. net.)

IN a sense, Mr. Fothergill Robinson disarms criticism by the first words in his Introduction: "The circumstances under which this volume has been prepared made it impossible for me to undertake any original research, or any examination of ancient records." He has set out to write "a short account of the four great forms of spontaneous voluntary associations," guilds, friendly societies, the co-operative movement, and trade unions. He presents to us, in 376 pages and in clear and unpretentious language, many of the more important facts and theories which are to be found in the works of specialists on these subjects, such as Dr. Gross, Professor Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mr. Aves, and Mr. Fay. Such an account may be of value to anyone who is beginning his studies of social and economic history from the starting-point of complete ignorance, though it is probable that even he would gain more from, say, Dr. Gross's "The Guild Merchant," or Dr. Baernreither's "English Associations of Working Men," or Mr. Fay's "Co-operation at Home and Abroad," or Mr. and Mrs. Webb's "History of Trade Unionism," than from a summary of all four. But Mr. Robinson shows that he does not intend his book to be merely a summary of what is known in regard to the growth of four types of voluntary associations; the mere fact that each is a voluntary association is not sufficient reason for including their history between two blue covers. If the history of these four institutions is "to throw light upon the impulses which guide the great democratic movements of our own times," it is necessary to present to us, not only the growth of each in isolation, but also their spiritual relations to one another, and the effect of those relations upon the way we live, the opinions we hold, and the things we desire.

It is in this more ambitious and more difficult object that Mr. Robinson's book fails. The final impression conveyed by it is that of four booklets bound together into a book. This is particularly evident in the position which guilds hold in Mr. Robinson's account. He devotes 111 out of 367 pages to a discussion of the religious, social, and trade guilds. But he does not, and it is very doubtful whether he could, show that the history of guilds throws any "light upon the impulses which guide the great democratic movements of our own times." There is no real connection between these medieval associations and the three forms of working-class associations of modern times. The co-operative movement owes nothing to the form or to the spirit of the guild. As regards trade unions, it is only necessary to quote Mr. and Mrs. Webb's opinion that, in the eighteenth century, "when legal redress was denied, the operatives, in many instances, took the matter into their own hands, and endeavored to maintain by trade union regulations what had once been prescribed by law. In this respect, and practically in this respect only, do we find any trace of the guild in the trade union." It is true that Dr. Baernreither and some other writers have maintained that friendly societies have "an unbroken connection with the old guilds"; but, in any case, this cord of historical connection is so thin that it does not appear in Mr. Robinson's account of the rise of the friendly societies. The truth is that he has fallen between two stools. He might have written a book showing historically how the functions of the guilds were in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries performed by municipal, voluntary, and other associations and bodies; or he might have confined himself to the study of the position and influence of working-class associations in modern capitalistic society. To take either of these courses would involve the production of a large volume, and it is not surprising that Mr. Robinson's attempt to combine the two in less than four hundred pages has not been crowned with complete success. His book can, however, be used with some advantage by readers who require an elementary account of the growth of ideals of co-operation in this country.

THE RISE OF ENGLISH NONCONFORMITY.

"History of English Nonconformity." By HENRY W. CLARK. Vol. II. From the Restoration to the close of the Nineteenth Century. (Chapman & Hall. 15s. net.)

IT is some two years since Mr. Clark published the first volume of his "History," and the second goes on much the same lines. It is not so much a history of Nonconformists as of that more elusive thing the Nonconformist ideal—the Church a living organism, made and re-made perpetually by living contact with the divine life in Christ, and thus independent of special organisations and arrangements. A principle is never quite co-incident with its embodiment in practice, and least of all such a principle, for it must be always pointing ahead of the actual, even among those who grasp it.

In the period 1660 to 1900 many things militated against the Nonconformist ideal. Its maintainers had to fight Parliament, and the country behind Parliament, from the Clarendon Code to the Balfour Education Act of 1902—every kind of official and legal oppression and chicane that is covered by the span between those two names. This meant a concentration on the actual fight for existence, and the engines of war, an alliance, natural but embarrassing, with a democratic ideal, which is not necessarily at all identical with that of the Christian Church, and worse still with the people and party maintaining the political ideal of democracy. One sentence of Mr. Clark's will show his outlook, and will reveal why his book is rather harder to read than it need have been:—

"So far as this history is concerned, it may be enough to say that the indisputable tendency—after the close company with the general liberal tendency which Nonconformity had kept so long, and with the worst of the Nonconformists' grievances redressed by that tendency's aid, and with no clear vision of the ultimate Nonconformist ideal to keep Nonconformity true—the indisputable tendency, whether or no in this particular instance it prevailed, was for Nonconformity to slip into the position of letting itself be used to some extent by the general liberal tendency for that tendency's own ends, to be used by it instead of using it under the instruction and inspiration of ideals which the general liberal tendency could never see nor know."

Mr. Clark is not always so cumbrous as that, but his pages are apt to be clouded with abstract nouns. Yet under this cloud, and through it, it is clear that he has things to say that are worth study. The long Nonconformist struggle for equality, the immense contribution of the Free Churches to national life, religious and economic, the grandeur of the ideal, tend to be forgotten, yes, and deliberately obscured, both by people who hate that ideal and by those who want to use it for their own purposes. If Free Churchmen will take the trouble to see what Mr. Clark means, and to study their own history, and realise anew their own ideals as a result, he will have done genuine service.

HOLIDAY FICTION.

"The Power Behind." By M. P. WILLCOCKS. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

"The Ffolliots of Redmarley." By L. ALLEN HARKER. (Murray. 6s.)

"The Jumping-off Place." By ETHEL SHACKLEFORD. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

"Love's Apprenticeship." By MABEL SPRENT. (Methuen. 6s.)

"WE'RE coming to an end of the patriarchal time, thank God! when a wife ranked with oxen," says a lady in "The Power Behind," and Miss Willcocks's best chapters deal with the effort of the husband, the overbearing Moysey, "to keep things on the man-and-woman plane," and the striving heroine, Sophie, to escape from "the cage" of wedlock, stand on her own feet, do her own work, and make her own life. She breaks out of the nest when a son is born to her, and her husband's sudden death releases her for "the new life," which she soon begins to shape—i.e., making a man of the careworn Dr. Prideaux, "a creature jarred and jangled, wanting her touch." Women of Sophie's spiritual energy and unresting egoism should either be the mothers of large families, or find some sphere of philanthropic activity, where they can inspire the rank and file with their own ardor. But Sophie's case is that of a host of modern women, who find them-

selves isolated, or cribbed and cabined by narrow family duties. Neither the common little vulgarian, John Arscott, whom Sophie escapes, nor the hard, egoistical Moysey, nor the diffident Dr. Prideaux, are fit mates for Sophie; but she can at least devote herself to the latter, and the book closes with this imperfect but typical solution of a common problem. Miss Willcocks's many vivid scenes of country life are drawn with undeniable spirit, and her minor characters are all interesting; but she stitches her scenes too hastily together, and the atmosphere is often confusing.

"The Ffolliots of Redmarley" might have won our sympathy had not Mrs. Harker had the unhappy idea of showing off their good points against the social deficiencies of the impossible young man, Eloquent Gallup, Radical candidate and, later, M.P. for Marlehouse. Eloquent, the son of Old Gallup, who kept "the ready-made clothes shop in the market-place," while rehearsing a speech against the House of Lords in the Ffolliots's coverts, falls into a puddle, and is rescued from his ludicrous position by Mary Ffolliot, a tall girl of seventeen, with whom, of course, he falls in love. The unhappy "Radical chap," who looks like "a very respectable young milkman, fresh-colored, with an echo of an accent," has, of course, no real chance against the well-bred, indefatigable young officer, Reggie Peel, "whose profession was his God, which he served faithfully and with a single heart"; but it pleases the author that poor Mr. Gallup, whose Nonconformist aunt, by-the-bye, objects to baths, shall receive "adorable, cordial smiles" from the bewitching young lady. The young Ffolliots, unlike the fastidious Squire, discover that Gallup isn't "half a bad sort"; indeed, Buz and Grantly own nobly "there have been Gallups in Redmarley nearly as long as us"; but this is only Mrs. Harker's cruel kindness in leading her suffering lower-middle class hero up to his last ridiculous declaration: "Miss Ffolliot, I know that in caring for you as I do I am still ridiculous, and it is only because you are so beautiful and kind, although you are so far above me, that I dare to tell you what I feel." The novel, indeed, would leave a bad taste in the mouth were its class-bias not so artless. The peevish squire is not badly drawn, and the youngest child, Kitten, who, when she is punished by her mother, prays: "Dear God, take care of the poor little girls what have got mummies," compensates for the sketches of the loyal servants, such as Willet, the gamekeeper, who could have been "one of the favorite keepers on a ducal estate in the North," but is bound by the unbreakable charm of the Ffolliot children to the small estate of Redmarley. But Mrs. Harker's loyalty to the interests of the landed gentry transcends that of Willet and other respectful henchmen.

Even as the tone of "The Ffolliots of Redmarley" seems a survival of belated social modes, so the atmosphere of Mrs. Shackelford's story carries the English reader about thirty years ahead. The scene of action is a Montana mining camp, four days west of New York, where the men all own powerful motor-cars, and make fervid love on the telephone; and where the women, who are gowned by Paris dressmakers, make "the Sunday afternoons vibrant with ill-humors, the blues, introspection, good resolutions, sceptical generalities, and daring personalities." Fortunately for the old-fashioned taste, the heroine, Mrs. Evan Stone, who has separated over-hastily from an adoring young husband, is only ultra-modern in externals, and when, invalided from New York to the bungalow on Copper Hill, she learns that Mr. Stone is staying at neighboring Quartz Club, she behaves in the ordinary feminine manner. Things become difficult through the hotel clerk's mistake in registering Mrs. Evan Stone as Mrs. Evanstone; for some scandalmongers take the line that their men folk should "be a little more conservative in regard to strangers, and possibly impostors." The feeling of social storm in a teacup is relieved by some unconventional experiences of a girl of the people. Mrs. Stone is presented with a pistol by a drunken "renegade," and she learns to shoot straight, which is all to the good when the over-enterprising Dr. Marsden finds her alone in the woods and tries to capture a kiss. And when Mr. Stone's maddened horse is about to hurl himself and his rider over a precipice, the lady is at hand with her gun and saves her husband's life! By such good, old-fashioned dramatic incidents are the foolish couple

brought again into touch, and the story ends, of course, with Mr. Crathorne Stone running his wife to earth in New York, and asking her, "Have you ever thought, Eleanor, that you might be willing to come to me and give our difficulties a chance?" It is as pleasant as it is unusual to find in American fiction a woman who is ready to go half the way to meet her husband, and though Eleanor advances slowly to her husband's side, he has the satisfaction of "wiping away a tear from her cheek" as he holds her in his "nervous loving grasp."

In "Love's Apprenticeship," Miss Mabel Sprent raises the curtain on her heroine, Polly's, experiences of men in a German town, in an English village, in London, and in River Run, her home in the Bush. Polly's father, three years after marriage, had departed for ever to "the Tropics," and we pick up the chief thread in her girlhood, when Curtis Greville kisses her on the river-bank at River Run, "and plunges her, an awakened woman, into the stream which was life." In Dresden, where she boards with her dashing cousin, Sylvia, escaping from the horrible boredom of dull Little Ingleton, Polly gets engaged to the nice, elderly German, Dr. Freund; but an interesting stranger, "the man from Egypt," with his "weather-beaten, deeply-lined face," turns up, and his romantic personality deflects the course of the peaceful betrothal. "Which, after all, was better for a woman—the snug, dull security of a convenient marriage, or to meet the realities; to take what her own nature brings her of love and danger, and to learn the full bitterness and sweetness of life?" asks our Bush Eve, and poor Dr. Freund is soon reduced by Polly's tears to give her her freedom and say, "Forget that I was ever your lover, and think of me just as a friend—a friend who wants to help you." But Polly, too, is romantic, and instead of going back to her London relatives, camps out in the deserted house, Eden Lodge, at Little Ingleton, where Adrian Geoghegan, "the man from Egypt," soon arrives, drawn by "the growing consciousness of the woman he had so wantonly attached to himself." The pair have nothing to eat but bread and butter and pickles, and nothing to drink but sugarless and milkless tea; but they "sit in the darkness and hold each other's hands, and forget the world and all the pain to come." Of course, stupidly ambitious as is the bronzed, weather-beaten hero, he cannot slight Polly's rightful claims for ever, and after he has departed to catch his boat, "the warmth of her loving presence was still around him." Polly plays unconsciously an excellent card when she begins to hero-worship the Australian politician, Carstairs Marvel; and Adrian, under "the lash of heart-hunger," can bear his solitude no longer, and cables Polly, "Can you meet me in Port Said in seven weeks? Cable reply and exact date. I want my wife." Miss Sprent follows, indeed, the old romantic formula, used so successfully by Miss Helen Mathers, thirty years and more ago, and Polly, with her outfit of modern independence, exemplifies the truth of good Mrs. Weir's saying, "Women can stand a lot; and where love is it's worth it."

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, August 8.	Price Friday morning, August 15.
Consols	73½	73½
Midland Deferred	73½	74½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	49½	51½
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	100½	101
Union Pacific	157	158½
Japanese 4½ p.c. (1st ser.)	93½	94½
Turkish Unified	84½	86

CURIOSLY enough, the beginning of the August holidays, usually a period of utter stagnation, has constituted the most cheerful fortnight that the Stock Exchange has known for a long time past. It may be admitted that there has not been a great deal of business, but there has been ample proof that the technical position, apart from some unforeseen catastrophe, is thoroughly sound. The change of tone, brought about mainly by the conclusion of peace in the Balkans, has accordingly been responsible for a general marking-up of prices, and for prodigious rises in a few

THE MEDICAL CONGRESS

AND THE

CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

Dr. H. W. G. Mackenzie, Consulting Physician to the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, in his speech at the Congress, in which he gave a general survey of the history and results of the tuberculin treatment, discredited its reliability in the treatment of Phthisis in the following words:—"It is for those who have strong faith in tuberculin as a cure for tuberculosis to make out their case. I speak as one not without experience. For a number of years I have used tuberculin in a large number of cases. I have used extract and endoplasm. I have given it orally and subcutaneously. I have given it at longer and shorter intervals. I have given it in repeated small doses. I have given it in gradually increasing doses. I have used it because I felt it ought to have a full trial. Among those who have expressed their belief in its usefulness are men of high standing in the profession both in this country and abroad. With similar testimony as to the effects of any other remedy I should feel it my duty to use it. But after all the trials I have made I still feel uncertain as to the value of tuberculin. I do not feel that confidence in the power of tuberculin which would justify me in saying to every patient that comes to me with tuberculosis without secondary infection that I have a remedy in tuberculin which will surely benefit him. Tuberculin treatment is still on its trial. When all is said and done we have to acknowledge that the results so far are not brilliant, certainly not convincing."

It is very remarkable that the speaker concluded his remarks by saying:—"I hear of cures said to have been effected in private practice. I want to see them reproduced in our hospitals. There have been much theorising and talk. What is needed are practical proofs, deeds not words." He surely must be aware that practical proof was the very one thing Dr. E. W. Alabone asked for when he made application to the Brompton Hospital, offering to attend the patients, supply his inhaler and inhalants free of cost, and let a committee of medical men judge the results. Not only was this offer made, but Colonel Le Poer Trench, whose wife was cured of consumption by Dr. Alabone's treatment after having been pronounced absolutely incurable by the late Sir W. Broadbent, promised the Brompton Hospital £1,000 if the offer was accepted. The "Times" opened its columns to a long correspondence in connection with this generous offer.

Space does not permit us to give more than the following brief extracts from this lengthy correspondence, but any medical man or layman desiring fully to acquaint himself with practical proof, not words only, should obtain from the author the following books: "How the Cure of Consumption is Suppressed" (price 1s.) and "Facts Regarding the Open-Air Treatment" (price 1s.). These can be obtained, post free, from Dr. E. W. Alabone, Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N.

Colonel Le Poer Trench writes as follows:—

"When my wife was undergoing the 'Treatment,' I heard that a Mr. Theobald—the brother of the Countess of Stamford—had some years since benefited very much by the 'Treatment,' so, when I met that lady, I asked her how her family came to place her brother under it. She told me that in their village in Hampshire there was a family consisting of father, mother, and three sons—fine young men! That the father died of consumption, and each of the brothers, on attaining the age of twenty, was attacked in turn; that with the two eldest it ended fatally, but when it came to the turn of the third, her family—who in the meantime had heard of the Alabone cures—wrote to that gentleman and asked if he could do anything for the sufferer; that Mr. Alabone undertook the case and cured it; and that it was this incident which gave her family the confidence to place her brother under the treatment. She added that this occurred some ten years ago, and that he is still in the enjoyment of good health."

This is confirmed by another correspondent's letter, in which the writer states:—

To mention the subject of the "Alabone Cure" to members of the profession is generally sufficient for it to be dismissed with the remark that "the so-called cures are well known to have no existence in fact," or "they are only cases which would otherwise have been cured under ordinary conditions, or cases in which no disease could have originally been present."

Is it not pertinent in this connection to ask Sir William Broadbent for his explanation of the indubitable fact that in the case of a lady referred to in the letter of Colonel Le Poer Trench to you of August 31st, who, after careful diagnosis, Sir William himself practically condemned to die, stating that "her lungs were so bad that nothing could be done for her," the treatment which he now attacks with such virulence and contempt did, under Providence, bring about a complete cure, her lungs becoming "perfectly well," to use the exact words of her generous-hearted husband, who subsequently, with the noble

desire of bringing similar benefits to others, offered £1,000 to cover the expenses of an official investigation of the treatment which must have brought such happiness to him—an offer unfortunately sneered at and ignored by those who alone were in the position to carry it out? A direct answer to this would be much to the point.

It seems that, however much facts may be needed, they are the last thing accepted when opposed to long-standing theories, but when the claims made by Dr. Alabone are supported by an array of facts substantiated by medical men, nurses, and cured patients in all professions and classes, it is impossible to ignore their claim to our most earnest consideration, the more so in view of the failure, admitted at the Medical Congress, of the many "treatments" which have fallen so lamentably short in arresting the ravages of consumption.

The testimony from medical men is perhaps the more convincing, especially if they themselves have been the victims of Phthisis. A most remarkable case is that of J. Christian, M.D., M.R.C.S., R.N., who was dismissed the service, being in Consumption. After trying other treatments from well-known specialists, he came to Dr. Alabone, when his condition was apparently hopeless, with cavities in the lungs. He was perfectly restored to health, and started to practise his profession. After some months of practice he wrote the following letter:—

"Sir,—I was under the professional treatment of Dr. Alabone, and during that time received the greatest benefit from it. I was placed on the retired list as 'unfit for further service owing to Phthisis.' Thanks to Dr. E. W. Alabone's treatment, I have been able to resume the practice of my profession, and have now been actively engaged in practice for six months in good health.—Yours faithfully, J. CHRISTIAN, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. London."

Another well-known physician (Dr. C—) sent for Dr. Alabone in consultation in a case of Phthisis in its last stage. The patient had two large cavities, and Dr. C— informed Dr. Alabone it was really useless sending for him, but he did so at the urgent request of his friends. This case perfectly recovered. Subsequently Dr. C— called Dr. Alabone in consultation in many other cases, the majority of which responded to his treatment, regaining their health and remaining cured. A great point in this treatment is the permanency of the cure. Referring to these cases, Dr. C— wrote the following letter:—

"Sir,—I look upon open-air treatment as it is at present carried on as a medical fad, which certainly involves great waste of valuable time (which should be utilised by a much more intelligent system of treatment for cure), and loss of money, which often can be ill-afforded by those who undergo it; besides this, it is sufficiently plain to me that it is actually dangerous to the life of a patient."

"To expose patients with cavities in their lungs to draughts between open windows and doors in winter is, I consider, open air run mad."

"When we consider how exquisitely sensitive the mucous membrane lining the tubes surrounding the cavities in a consumptive lung must be, it appears to me the height of folly, and I might say even of cruelty, to urge the exposure of phthisical patients to such an ordeal."

"I am glad, however, that an opportunity has been given me to testify to the success which has attended Dr. Alabone's treatment of Phthisis. I have seen cases of Phthisis, with cavities, perfectly recover under his treatment, which does not include the possibility of danger of pneumonia or bronchitis from exposure to cold and damp air, nor does he advise the enormous excess of food which appear to be an important part of the open-air treatment.—Faithfully yours,

"A. R. C—, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng., J.P."

A well-known medical officer of health, whose son had previously been treated by two specialists, but got rapidly worse, decided to place him under Dr. Alabone's inhalation treatment, which he did with the happiest results. He perfectly regained his health, and after being cured for five years married, and is still as well as ever he was. An immense number of such cases could be quoted, but these will suffice.

The same satisfactory reports are received from nurses who have been at sanatoria and seen the results of open-air treatment as contrasted with that of Dr. Alabone's.

In addition to the works previously mentioned, we would advise any reader desirous of obtaining the best possible information on this subject to read "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other Diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D., Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S. Eng., Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N. Illustrated by numerous cases pronounced incurable by the most eminent physicians. 47th Edition. 171st Thousand. Price 2s. 6d., post free, of the Author.

speculative counters, such as Wabash Preference, which jumped in a few weeks from 7 to 16. It is not often that a railway stock more than doubles in so short a space of time. No doubt there has been manipulation on an elaborate scale in Wall Street. A still better proof of American optimism is to be found in the rise of 10 points from the price at which they were issued to the syndicate of the new twenty-year bonds, which are to relieve the Newhaven Railroad of its maturing short-term liabilities. The market has also been taking a more favorable view of Mexican affairs, hoping, perhaps, that the Washington Cabinet would be able to do something to restore peace. In that case, it is thought the country and the railways may recover fairly rapidly from the damage that has been caused by guerilla warfare. Far-seeing people in the City are, I think, more anxious about Brazil than Mexico, for the borrowings of the Brazilian Government seem to disappear like water poured into a sieve. It is thought to be a very ominous sign that a few months only after the contraction of the big Rothschild loan, Brazil should be exporting gold in large quantities. There is no doubt that foreign events and anxieties have brought grist to the Home Market. Hence the strength in British railway stocks and brewery securities, which last are benefiting by the high spirit duties. But one does not expect to hear of the brewers thanking Mr. Lloyd George for this or any other part of the People's Budget! Our home and foreign trade is still remarkably good, though there is a great deal of unemployment now in Canada, Germany, Austria, and Italy. Fortunately, the Indian monsoon has been satisfactory, so that we may expect another prosperous year for our principal customer.

THE "UNDERGROUND" GROUP.

Usually the Underground group of stocks is a centre of speculation at this time of year on account of the issue of the half-yearly reports, but this year the absence of accounts from all railway companies has kept the public in the dark as to the progress of the company. The Underground Electric Railways Company of London, which is the holding Company owning securities of the electric railways, but not having a mile of line under its direct ownership, is now much more dependent on the earnings of the London General Omnibus Company (whose ordinary stock is wholly owned by it) than upon the results of the "Tubes," and speculators were rather disappointed last time with the high expense rates shown by the Omnibus Company. That, however, may have been merely a matter of accounting. However, there can be no doubt at all that the running of motor omnibuses, while requiring far less capital expenditure, because their track is provided and maintained free of charge, is a much more fluctuating business than the running of "tube" railways. Should anything occur, such as heavier taxation or shortage of fuel, to raise the cost of operation of motor-buses, the revenue of the Underground Company itself will suffer, but the revenue of the "tube" railways will benefit, as they will be better able to compete. The motor omnibus, of course, cannot compete with any form of railway traction in the matter of speed. In the following summary of traction stocks, the securities of the Underground Company, dependent on the results of the London General, are set out separately from those of the railway companies independent of omnibus earnings:—

	1913.		Present	Yield.
	Highest.	Lowest.	Price.	£ s. d.
UNDERGROUND COMPANY:—				
4½% bonds	101	97	99	4 11 0
6% 1st com. inc. debts	113½	108	110½	5 9 0
6% Income bonds	96½	87½	90	6 12 6
Ordinary £10 shares	5 3-16	3 5-16	3½	nil.
"A" 1s. shares	25-32	13-32	7-16	nil.
SUBSIDIARIES:—				
City and S. London 4% debts	99	92	93	4 6 6
Central London 4½% pref.	107½	106½	105	4 6 6
Do. Ordinary stock	84	77	74	4 1 0
London Electric 4% deb. stock	96½	92	92	4 7 3
Do. 4% pref. stock	80½	71	71	5 12 9
District 4% deb. stock	95½	92½	93	4 6 0
Do. 4% perpet. gov. stock	87½	83	83	4 16 6

The "A" Underground Shares stand much above par on account of their rights of relative participation in profits with the old £10 shares. The 6 per cent. First Income Debentures were issued on the omnibus acquisition, the others being the old income bonds, which by reason of that purchase now receive their full rate of interest. In the list

of stocks of the subsidiaries, it seems extraordinary that London Electric Preference should give so high a yield. The Company's earnings are steady, and it now pays £100,000 per annum in ordinary dividends, so that the margin is a good one, but owing to the large amount of the ordinary capital (nearly £10,000,000), the rate of dividend, 1 per cent. per annum, makes the security appear less than it really is.

NITRATE SHARES.

After a lapse of two or three years the "ring" among the Chilean nitrate producers appears likely to be renewed. The combination operates by mutual restriction of output by a certain percentage, and as Chili is practically the sole producer of nitrate, "trust" methods appear very easy to put into operation. The old combine, however, was broken up because of internal jealousies and quarrels, some members alleging that they were being penalised at the expense of others. The break-up of the combine was followed by a fall in the price of nitrate, but it was only temporary. The cheapness proved a fine advertisement for the product; the big concerns increased their output to cope with the demand, and the small owners of less accessible grounds had to shut down by reason of the great rise in the price of labor, which was covered by the increase of the scale of operations. Now, having "squeezed out" some producers, and increased the demand very much, the leading producers have again been tempted to set up the ring. The price of nitrate is now higher than it was in the days of the previous restriction. The effect of a renewal of the ring is very difficult to estimate. It seems unlikely that producers will attempt to raise the price above its present level, for even now the high price is encouraging the chemical production of nitrate, or the use of substitutes. It is probable that the combine will aim rather at reducing the cost of production. Nitrate shares already stand rather high as the result of the good dividends paid by the leading concerns, of which some are set out below:—

	Share.	Dividend.		Price.	Yield.
		1910-11.	1911-12.		
		Per cent.	Per cent.		£ s. d.
Alianza	£1	20	30	16½	9 4 9
Anglo-Chilian	£5	15	15	15	5 0 0
Lagunas Nitrate	£25	2	2	2	5 0 0
Lagunas Syndicate	£1	6	5	½	9 10 0
Lautaro	£5	12	20	11½	8 14 0
Liverpool Nitrate	5s.	100	125	3½	9 16 0
London Nitrate	£1	40	25	3½	8 0 0
New Tamarugal	£1	7½	7½	1	7 10 0
Rosario	£5	6	12	9½	6 8 6
Salar del Carmen	£1	30	30	2½	11 8 6
San Sebastian	£1	5	10	1 3-16	12 6 3
Tarapaca and Tocopilla	£1	8	8	1 13-32	5 14 0

Before investing in any Nitrate Company it is necessary to examine its finance rather carefully. The properties are in the nature of wasting assets, and in that respect the investment resembles a gold-mining investment. Some of the Companies make allowance for the ultimate exhaustion of their fields, and some do not. The probable life of the property, too, is an uncertain quantity, and must depend upon the rate at which it is worked.

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